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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

Our readers are aware that the judicatories of the Church of Scotland are extensively involved in litigation. Numerous suits, noticed in an article inserted in our last, are now pending; and from the recent decisions of the House of Lords, in the cases brought before them by appeal, there appears to be no prospect of relief from the government. At this distance from the conflict, we can see no ground of hope for the evangelical party from the civil power. Their only alternatives are, separation from the establishment, or the surrender of the principles, in support of which they have earnestly contented for years.

Many of our readers feel a deep interest in the results of this conflict. The Scottish church, if not the parent of the American Presbyterian church, is a near relative, and elder honored sister, in whose prosperity we rejoice, and in whose trials we feel deep sympathy. Many of the principles in our excellent form of government, were incorporated from the constitution of the church of Scotland. Our system of doctrine is substantially the same as theirs, and we cannot but feel a lively interest in whatever concerns their welfare. And we trust that the present troubles will be overruled to purify that church, to elevate its piety, and render it more efficient in disseminating the scriptural principles of Presbyterianism.

To give information to any who are not well acquainted with the origin of their difficulties, we remark that in former times churches were built by the liberality of individuals, and given to the General Assembly with the reservation to themselves and their heirs, of the right of appointing a minister to the living, whenever a vacancy should occur. In the civil wars and other changes which have taken place in Scotland, the patronage, or the right of presenting clergymen to the livings of many churches, has been acquired by the crown. Whenever a vacancy occurs in one of these churches, the government, or prime minister, appoints the clergyman to the place. The right of thus placing pastors over churches, whether held by the crown or by laymen who have inherited it, is regarded as a species of property. Hence their unwillingness to yield it to the people of the parish or to the Presbytery. This 'right of patronage,' as it is miscalled, has long been a sore evil to the church. It has deprived the people of *their right* to choose their spiritual guides and pastors,—a right which they ought to appreciate and maintain.

In former times, the minister thus appointed to a vacancy, was also chosen by the people, and examined and approved by the Presbytery before he was installed. This was deemed essential to his settlement. But the election and call from the people is now evaded, by procuring some few parishioners to sign a call for his services. This done, the patron calls upon the Presbytery to instal him. If the Presbytery refuse to induct him into the pastoral office, they are prosecuted by the minister or the patron—or perhaps by both.—According to the recent decisions of the civil Courts, it appears that the Presbyteries are *legally bound* to instal the licentiate or minister who obtains the living of the patron, whatever may be his disqualifications for the pastoral office, or whatever may be the objections of a large majority of the congregation. Such at least is the judgment of the Courts in defence of the supposed rights of the patrons; and the people must yield their right of choosing their own pastor, and the Presbyteries must surrender their prerogative of judging of the qualifications of candidates, or be prosecuted and fined for refusing to install the presentee.

The General Assembly very justly considers this as a grievous invasion of their rights;—of sacred rights which the judicatories can never yield, while faithful to the Great Head of the church. The ministry have received their commission to preach the gospel from the Lord Jesus Christ, and have been charged to lay hands suddenly on no man, to ordain him in the ministerial office. It is their right, in common with the eldership, to judge of the qualifications of candidates. To instal every man whom a patron may recommend, or whom the civil courts may order them to clothe with the pastoral office, is virtually to yield the right, and prove recreant to the duty, of judging of the qualifications of the ministry. This they can never do, while they are faithful to their Lord and Master. This right the General Assembly have solemnly resolved that they will maintain at all hazards, whatever sacrifices it may cost. The Assembly may have erred in deposing those ministers from office, without trial, who deemed it right or proper to obey the civil courts; but they are undoubtedly right in maintaining the sacred prerogatives of the church against this innovation.

Hopes have long been entertained by Dr. Chalmers and others, that the conflict might be terminated by compromise; that some measure would be adopted by Parliament, which might satisfy the patrons, and at the same time secure the rights of the church. For this purpose, deputations have been sent from the General Assembly to Sir Robert Peel. But these efforts at reconciliation have been vain and fruitless; and the hope of compromise has at length vanished.—The British ministry will propose no measure to Parliament to heal the difference.—And what must be the result to the church? We can see none but separation from the State—or the surrender of sacred rights.

In the support of their rights, a large majority of the General Assembly have hitherto appeared decided and firm. Will they continue so? Are they so imbued with the spirit of the old Puritans, that they will part with governmental aid, with their livings and emoluments, and depend on the voluntary offerings of the people for subsistence?—We trust that they are prepared for this; and that the Lord will abundantly sustain them in sundering the unhallowed ties which have bound them to the State. We commend them to the prayers of our churches. The principles which they are called to vindicate, are essential to the purity of the church and the rights of the people, and in maintaining them, we trust they will have the sympathies of Christian freemen, and firm support from the Great Head of the church.

Should they declare themselves independent of State patronage, a thousand vacancies in the establishment will no doubt be speedily filled up by high-church-men and Puseyites:—a change that will hasten the revolution which is destined to overturn the religious establishments of Great Britain, and prepare the way for the prevalence of a purer Christianity.—*Christian Observer.*

THE HERMIT OF LIVRY.

In the forest of Livry, three leagues distant from Paris, and not far from the site of an ancient abbey of the order of St. Augustin, lived a hermit, who, having chanced in his wanderings to fall in with some of the men of Meaux, had received the truth of the Gospel into his heart. The poor hermit had felt himself rich indeed that day in his solitary retreat, when, along with the scanty dole of bread which public charity had afforded him, he brought home Jesus Christ and his grace. He understood from that time how much better it is to give than to receive. He went from cottage to cottage in the villages around, and as soon as he crossed the threshold, began to speak to the poor peasants of the Gospel, and the free pardon which it offers to every burthened soul,—a pardon infinitely more precious than any priestly absolution. The good hermit of Livry was soon widely known in the neighborhood of Paris; many came to visit him at his poor hermitage, and he discharged the office of a kind and faithful missionary to the simple-minded in all the adjacent districts.

It was not long before intelligence of what was doing by the new evangelist reached the ears of the Sorbonne, and the magistrates of Paris. The hermit was seized,—dragged from his hermitage—from his forest—from the fields he had daily traversed,—thrown into a dungeon in that great city which he had always shunned,—brought to judgment,—convicted,—and sentenced to 'the exemplary punishment of being burnt by a slow fire.'

In order to render the example the more striking, it was determined that he should be burnt in the close of Notre Dame; before that celebrated cathedral, which typifies the majesty of the Roman Catholic Church. The whole of the clergy were convened, and a degree of pomp was displayed equal to that of the most solemn festivals. A desire was shown to attract all Paris, if possible, to the place of execution. 'The great bell of the church of Notre Dame swinging heavily,' says an historian, 'to rouse the people all over Paris.' And accordingly from every surrounding avenue, the people came flocking to the spot. The deep-toned reverberations of the bell made the workmen quit his task, the student cast aside his books, the shopkeeper forsake his traffic, the soldier start from the guard-room bench,—and already the close was filled with a dense crowd, which was contiually increasing. The hermit, attired in the robes appropriated to obstinate heretics, bareheaded, and with bare feet, was led out before the doors of the cathedral. Tranquil, firm, and collected, he replied to the exhortations of the confessors, who presented him with the crucifix, only by declaring that his hope rested solely on the mercy of God. The doctors of the Sorbonne, who stood in the front rank of the spectators, observing his constancy, and the effect it produced upon the people, cried aloud—'He is a man foredoomed to the fires of hell.' The clang of the great bell, which all this while was rung with a rolling stroke, while it stunned the ears of the multitude, served to heighten the solemnity of that mournful spectacle. At length the bell was silent,—and the martyr having answered the last interrogatory of his adversaries by saying that he was resolved to die in the faith of his Lord Jesus Christ, underwent his sentence of being 'burnt by a slow fire.' And so, in the cathedral close of Notre Dame, beneath the stately towers erected by the piety of Louis the younger, amidst the cries and tumultuous excitement of a vast population, died peaceably, a man whose name history has not deigned to transmit to us,—'the hermit of Livry.'—*D'Aubigne.*

POPISH IMMOBILITY

One characteristic distinction of Protestantism in progress, while that of Romanism is immobility.

Roman Catholicism, possessing in the papal authority a means of, at any time, establishing new doctrines, appears, at first view, to have in it a principle eminently favourable to change. It has, indeed, largely availed itself of this power, and, century after century, we see Rome bringing forward, or confirming new dogmas. But its system once completed, Roman Catholicism has declared itself the champion of immobility. Therein lies its safety: it resembles a shaky building, from which nothing can be taken without bringing the whole down to the ground. Permit the priests to marry, or strike a blow against the doctrine of transubstantiation, and the whole system totters—the entire edifice falls to pieces.

It is not thus with Evangelical Christianity. Its principle is much less favorable to *change*, much more so to *progress* and *life*. On the one hand, it recognises no other fountain of truth than Scripture, one and immutably the same, from the very beginning of the Church to the end of time; how, then, should it vary, as Popery has varied? But, on the other hand every individual Christian is to draw for himself from this fountain; and hence, spring progress and liberty. Accordingly, Evangelical Christianity, although in the nineteenth century the same that it was in the sixteenth, and in the first, is,—at all times,—full of spontaneity and action; and is, at this moment, filling the wide world with its researches and its labours, its Bibles and its missionaries, with light, salvation, and life!

It is a gross error which would class together, and almost confound, rationalism and mysticism with Christianity, and, in so doing, charge upon it the extravagances of both. Progress belongs to the nature of Christian Protestantism; it has nothing in common with immobility and a state of deadness; but its movement is that of healthy vitality, and not the aberration of madmen, or the restlessness of disease.—*Ibid.*

GOD'S PECULIAR NAME.

When the Lord speaks of himself with regard to his creatures, and especially his people, he saith *I am*. He doth not say I am their light, their life, their guide, their tower, or their strength, but only *I am*. He sets his hand, as it were, to a blank, that his people might write under it what they please that is for their good.—As if he should say, Are they weak? *I am* strength. Are they sick? *I am* health. Are they in trouble? *I am* comfort. Are they poor? *I am* riches. Are they dying? *I am* life. Have they nothing? *I am* all things. *I am* justice and mercy. *I am* grace and goodness. *I am* glory, beauty, holiness, eminency, supremacy, perfection, all-sufficiency, eternity, Jehovah. *I am* whatsoever is suitable to their nature, or convenient for them in their several conditions. *I am* whatsoever is amiable in itself, or desirable to their souls: whatsoever is pure and holy, whatever is great and pleasant, whatever is good, and needful to make them happy, that *I am*. So that in short, God here represents himself unto us, as one universal good, and leaves us to make the application to ourselves, according to our several wants, capacities, and desires; he saying only in general, *I am.*'—*Bishop Beveridge.*

LONG LIFE.

[From Lord Bacon's history of Life and Death.]

The long lives of men mentioned in heathen authors have no great certainty in them; both for the intermixture of fables, whereunto those kinds of relations were very prone, and for their false calculations of years. Certainly of the Egyptians we find nothing of moment in those works that are extant, as touching long life; for their kings which reigned longest did not exceed fifty, or five-and-fifty years; which is no great matter, seeing many at this day attain to those years. But the Arcadian kings are fabulously reported to have lived very long. Surely that country was mountainous, full of flocks of sheep, and brought forth most wholesome food, notwithstanding, seeing Pan was their god, we may conceive that all things about them were panic and vain, and subject to fables.

Solon of Athens, the lawgiver, and one of the seven wise men, lived about eighty years, a man of high courage, but popular, and attached to his country; also learned, given to pleasures, and a soft kind of life. Epimenides, the Cretian, is reported to have lived a hundred and fifty-seven years: the matter is mixed with a prodigious relation, for fifty-seven of those years he is said to have slept in a cave. Half an age after, Xenophon, the Colophonian, lived a hundred and two years, or rather more; for at the age of twenty-five years he left country, seventy-seven complete years he travelled, and after that returned; but how long he lived after his return appears not; a man no less wandering in mind than in body; for his name was changed for the madness of his opinions, from Xenophanes to Xenomanes; a man, no doubt, of vast conceit, and that minded nothing but infinitum.

Anacreon, the poet, lived eighty years, and somewhat better, a man lascivious, voluptuous, and given to drink. Pindarus, the Theban, lived to eighty years; a poet of high fancy, singular in his conceits, and a great adorer of the gods. Sophocles, the Athenian, attained to the same age; a lofty tragic poet, given over entirely to writing, and neglectful of his family.

Georgias, the Sicilian, was a hundred and eight years old; a rhetorician, and a great boaster of his faculty, one that taught youth for profit. He had seen many countries, and a little before his death, said that he had done nothing worthy of blame since he was an old man. Protagoras, of Abdera, saw ninety years of age. This man was likewise a rhetorician, but professed not so much to teach the liberal arts, as the art of governing commonwealths and States; notwithstanding he was a great wanderer in the world, no less than Georgias. Isocrates, the Athenian, lived ninety-eight years; he was a rhetorician also, but an exceeding modest man, one that shunned the public light, and opened his school only in his own house. Democritus, of Abdera, reached to a hundred and nine years; he was a great philosopher, and, if ever any man amongst the Grecians, a true naturalist, a surveyor of many countries, but much more of nature; also a diligent searcher into experiments, and (as Aristotle objected against him) one that followed similitudes more than the love of arguments. Diogenes, the Sinopean, lived ninety years; a man that used liberty over others, but tyrannized over himself, a coarse diet, and of much patience. Zeno, of Citium, lacked about two years of a hundred; a man of high mind, and a contemner of other men's opinions; also of a great acuteness, but yet not troublesome, choosing rather to take men's minds than to enforce them. The like whereof afterwards was in Seneca. Plato, the Athenian, attained to eighty-one years; a man of a good courage, but yet a lover of ease, in his notions sublime and of a high fancy, neat and delicate in his life, rather calm than merry, and one that carried a kind of majesty in his countenance.

The year of our Lord seventy-six, falling into the time of Vespasian, is memorable; in which we shall find, as it were, a calender of long-lived men; for that year there was a taxing: (now a taxing is the most authentical and truest informer touching the ages of men;) and in that part of Italy, which lieth between the Appenine mountains and the river Po, there were found a hundred and four-and-twenty persons that either equaled or exceeded a hundred years of age; namely, of a hundred years, just fifty-four persons; of a hundred and ten, fifty-seven persons; of a hundred and five-and-twenty, two only; of a hundred and thirty, four men; of a hundred and five-and-thirty, or seven-and-thirty, four men; of a hundred and forty, three men. Besides these, Parma, in particular afforded five, whereof three fulfilled a hundred and twenty years, and two a hundred and thirty. Brussels afforded one of a hundred and twenty-five years old. Placentia one, aged one hundred and thirty-and-one. Faventia one woman, aged one hundred thirty-and-two. A certain town, then called Velleiatium, situate in the hills about Placentia, afforded ten, whereof six fulfilled a hundred and ten years of age, four a hundred and twenty. Lastly, Rimini, one of a hundred and fifty years, whose name was Marcus Aponius.

That our catalogue might not be extended too much in length, we have thought fit, as well in those whom we have rehearsed, as in these whom we shall rehearse, to offer none under eighty years of age. Now we have affixed to every one a true and short character or elogo; but of that sort whereunto, in our judgment, length of life (which is not a little subject to the manners and fortunes of men) hath some relation, and that in a twofold respect; either that such kind of men are for the most part long lived, or that such men may sometimes be of long life, though otherwise not well disposed for it.

[From the New York Evangelist.]

APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION.

The idea of an Apostolical succession comes to us in this form. The claim of the Church, as a true Church of Christ, depends upon the claims of its ministry; and these claims depend for their legality upon the descent of such ministry 'in an unbroken and undoubted chain from the Apostles, through men regularly ordained by themselves or their successors.'

This *regularity* depends upon the fact, that Bishops being a higher order of ministers than Presbyters, the ordaining power was committed to them alone, and must descend through them alone.

Now, such an idea of a 'succession,' we claim to be founded in error, and unnecessary to the regular constitution of the Christian Church. Our reasons are briefly these. (1) Such a succession did not begin with the Apostles. (2) Were this the case, the chain cannot be proved complete. And, lastly, Presbyters had no right to yield, for their successors, the original power which they possessed of ordaining.

(1) Such a succession did not begin with the Apostles. We learn from the New Testament Scriptures, that primitively, the titles Bishop and Presbyter were but different names for the same functionary. This may be seen in a moment by comparing Acts xx. 17 and 28 verses, where the titles Bishop and Presbyter are applied indifferently to the same persons, for it must be remembered that the English word 'Elder' is, in the Greek, Presbyter, while 'overseer' is the same word elsewhere translated 'Bishop.' There are other places equally conclusive; but notwithstanding this, the sameness and equality of the Bishop and Presbyter is denied by the advocates of an Apostolical Prelatical Succession, i. e., a succession of ordinations traced through Bishops only up to the Apostles, which Bishops being superior to Presbyters, could not be ordained by them.

Now, for argument's sake, we grant them all they claim, i. e., the principle of prelatical superiority, and of prelatical ordination as being alone valid. This being done, we ask them to hook on the chain of succession to the Apostles. It will not be sufficient, to show from the writings of antiquity that certain Bishops were friends and pupils of the Apostles, but that they were ordained as Bishops by the Apostles. This, we claim, they are unable to do. For while we are told that they ordained Presbyters in every place, we are nowhere informed in the New Testament that the Apostles ordained a Bishop, i. e., if a Bishop was not the same as a Presbyter. The only thing that looks like it, is where Paul speaks of having laid hands on Timothy for the imparing of some special gift. But what this 'gift' was, we very well know. It was the miraculous power of the Holy Ghost, which he and the other Apostles imparted not only to Timothy, but to all, even private members of the Church. Timothy, as we learn from what Paul writes to him, was ordained by the Presbytery, i. e., a body of Presbyters, and therefore, on the principles of prelacy, he was merely a Presbyter.

But just here the advocates of a Prelatical Succession are in somewhat of a dilemma. For if they will contend that a Bishop was superior to a Presbyter, and could not be ordained by him, they fail to get a succession of ordained Bishops from the Apostles, and the magic chain gives way at the top, and tumbles most unceremoniously. But if, to save it from such a catastrophe, they would fasten it firmly to the Apostles, they must employ a Presbyter as the first link, which destroys the order of their hierarchical edifice, and pierced by either horn of the dilemma, their claims are most effectually killed.

(2) But if this difficulty could be removed; if they could bring the testimony of antiquity to disprove the direct and implied teachings of Scripture in regard to the equality of Bishops and Presbyters, if they could start the succession fairly, still the connectedness of the chain cannot be proved; and, consequently, no living prelate can trace his ordination back to the Apostles.

We are inclined to think that there are some wrong notions prevalent in regard to what is necessary to constitute an 'unbroken succession.' It obviously does not consist in having the Patriarchate or the Bishopric hereditary in certain families, as is the case with the Nestorians; so that the child is born to be a Bishop, as in other and monarchical countries he is born to be a duke or a king. Nor does it consist in the mere display of a list of the names of those who, it is claimed, have been Popes or Bishops. The connectedness of a chain does not consist of a mere series of links; but they must be well and truly interlocked. Were one on board a ship in a storm, fast driving upon the rocky shore, he would not trust to the cable, the separate links of which had not been sufficiently proved to be well fastened together. Neither do we yield the grounds on which we have placed our hope of salvation, and 'which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast,' to trust to this chain until it has been sufficiently tried, and the interlinking of its separate parts proved distinctly beyond doubt. But this has not been done.

What though it were certain that Joan was a legally constituted Pope? What though it could be ascertained which was the real Pope, when there were three living and ruling at the same time? What though the list of names could be proved complete from Peter down to the time when Henry VIII and his Bishops branched off from Rome, and from thence down to Gregory XVI., or to the present incumbent of the See of Canterbury? Though all this could be done, which we do not allow, what would it prove? Merely that a series of men had occupied a certain station. That is all. But the thing to be proved, to be historically demonstrated, is a series, a connected series of ordinations, and the Episcopal ordination of each one must be shown to such a manner that there can be no room for dispute, or, at least, for reasonable doubt on the subject.

Now we have no fear of the presentation of proof to the contrary, when we assert that this cannot be done. No one was ever so stupid as to believe each Pope to have received ordination at the hands of his predecessor. Into the papal chair one does not step until the other is dead; and as Bishop, he may have received ordination any where or no where in the wide world. We are aware that this may be met with a sneer. But sneers are neither proof nor argument. That men who had never been ordained as Bishops might act as such, and ordain others, was not only possible, but probable, and not only probable, but actually the case in the instance of Colluthus, as early as the third century. It is true that he was afterwards discovered, and all his ordinations annulled; but how many, during the long night of ignorance that followed, may have leaped into the Episcopate without ordination, and never have been discovered, when in many places the clergy were so ignorant as to be unable to read the records, even had there been any, and when, in some instances, boys who were but ten years old professed to have ordained others as Bishops who were but five? The thing is not only possible, but in the highest degree probable; so much so, that nothing but demonstrations to the contrary will be sufficient to establish the dogma of an uninterrupted succession. But this, as we have said, cannot be done. Two-thirds of the successive ordinations cannot be proved.

On taking up the one* who is, perhaps, the most popular writer in favor of the dogma, and whose tract flourishes a long and imposing list of names to trace back the ordination of the present Bishop of Canterbury for four successions—we confess our astonishment! to find him *bluntly yielding the point!* He is answering objections to the Episcopal claim. Finally comes up, that troublesome one, the demand for historical proof; and he says, 'if nothing will satisfy men but actual demonstration, I yield at once; neither this nor any other succession in the whole world can be actually demonstrated.' This is just what his opponents claim. But again, he says, 'If *probable* evidence will answer,' he thinks he can present enough to satisfy those 'who are *willing to walk by faith* and not by sight.' What arrogance! What presumption! To undertake to show that his Church is the only true one by proving that it has the Apostolical Succession, which can be done in no other way than by historical demonstration; and when he comes to this, *the main point*, to wish his readers to 'walk by faith' in his guesses upon matters of history!

But the poor man has done the best he could. He has undertaken an impossibility and failed, just as all his predecessors have done, and as all his successors must do. Now, this being the case, the proof failing in this *essential particular*, it is very plain that there is no prelate living who can trace back his ordination to the apostles; and if the trueness of the Church, or the prospect of salvation depends on the establishment of such a fact, there is no true Church on earth, and no ground of hope for salvation to one of the dwellers thereof.

(3) Did time permit, we should be glad to prove at length, that Presbyters had no right to yield the original power which they possessed of ordaining, and that at any time they could at pleasure again assume the power, and their original name of Bishop. We merely present one instance in point. Suppose that in our Church, where all the Presbyters have the power to ordain, it should, by express agreement, or by usurpation on the part of the older Presbyters, become the custom for none to ordain but those who had attained the age of forty-five years. Suppose further that they into whose hands the ordaining power had become thus concentrated, should claim *par excellence* the title of Bishop, which originally belonged to the whole order of Presbyters. Now, although things should thus remain for *ten years* or for *ten hundred years*, if, at the end of such period the younger Presbyters should determine no longer to submit to the deprivation of the ordaining power, or to the distinction of names what passage is there in the word of God to forbid them? and what fair process of reasoning to prove their proceedings illegal?

The *whole* order was invested by those divinely sent with the power to ordain, and no votes of their own, no custom, though grey with years, and no words of man, though clothed with the thunders of the Vatican, or the lightnings of the Star Chamber, can deprive the order of the right, nor a Church which they may have formed of its legality as a Church of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Such are a few of the reasons for the position we occupy in a Church which is organized on the broad and primitive principle of *ministerial parity*. We know that this kind of controversy is not popular amongst us, but we bring no 'railing accusation' against any denomination, or sect, or part of the heritage of our Master. We only bring forward fair argument to do battle with a blind exclusiveness which is built on the worn-out ideas of past ages, and we have done so because our claims are so often and so boldly denied, that some—we grieve to say it—are misled, and tender consciences are often disturbed; and we would show that our continued silence does not result from the want of truth or argument on our part, but because we think it the calling of the Church to be gathering sheaves in the harvest field, rather than finding fault with the shape and color of the dress worn by the hard working reapers. S.

* *Perceval on the Succession.*

CHRISTIAN PHILANTHROPY.

Seldom are we called upon to record a finer incident than recently came to our knowledge. A gentleman well known in our city, who has been constrained by severe pecuniary losses to abandon the business which at one time bade fair to enrich him, was induced to ask his creditors to discharge him, on condition of giving up all his property. His creditors, without one exception, signed his discharge; but one of them, whom he almost feared to approach, having been compelled to pay his endorsement on an 'accommodation note' for two thousand dollars—actuated by a peculiarly generous as well as Christian feeling, remarked to the applicant for relief, as he observed his embarrassment, 'Come on, don't be afraid, I know what you have come for,' and instantly affixed his name to the discharge. Not satisfied with doing this, after a short pause, he seized his hand and said, 'Take this, I know you must be short of money—you have a large family to support, and it will help you.' The debtor, to his utter astonishment, found it was a check for one hundred dollars. There is something refreshing in such a scene as this. The debtor told us the story, and while narrating it, his eyes but too plainly indicated how his heart felt the generosity of one who had suffered by his misfortunes. The same morning this fine specimen of nature's nobility had discharged another person who owed him nine thousand dollars. There is no romance in this.—*N. Y. Com. Adv.*

THE NAME AND CHARACTER OF CHRISTIAN.

Now if there be a short yet sufficient answer to the question, 'what is a Christian?'—an answer that will have respect to the distinction just referred to and include both points of faith and life, I think it must be this:—*a Christian is a disciple of Jesus Christ.* In the term 'disciple' we include a learner and a follower, one who acknowledges him whose name he takes to be his Teacher and his Guide, whom he is bound and resolved to obey. It is plain, as the first and lowest view, that he who takes the *Christian* name must refer himself in some way to Christ; else the name is without meaning. But how refer himself to Christ? Clearly to his teaching and his life; not to his birth, not to his nature. To be a Christian, does not require that a man believe this or that in regard to the time or manner of Christ's birth, his exact relation to God or distinction from man. These are matters of serious import, but they do not affect the right of being called or esteemed a Christian. If any proof were needed of this, it were enough to look at the world, and see the endless variety of opinion and shades of difference on these points, not only among differing sects, but with individuals of the same sect, to whom the name of Christian has not been and never will be denied. For examples, since actual names are with many the best verifications, take leading men in the various branches of the Christian Church, though they may be no higher or better than many others less known. Take the Catholic whose name stands for his church, Fenelon; the Protestant who vehemently assailed that church, Luther; the Puritan, Robinson; the moderate Trinitarian, Doddridge, or Chalmers of another grade, or Edwards of yet another; the Quakers, Fox and Penn; the Methodists, Wesley and Whitfield, brothers, but not in doctrine; the Baptists, Robert Hall, Dr. Stillman, and President Manning, of the same church, but not entirely the same faith; Jeremy Taylor, of the English Episcopal church, and Bishop Griswold, of the American; Lardner and Emlyn, of the Unitarian dissenters, or Buckminster and Freeman, of our own communion. Who would venture, who would wish, to withhold from either of these the name of Christian? Yet who would engage to write out their differences of opinion and preaching in regard even to the Master, whose common name they bear? So of many members of any one communion, who could be named, if necessary, departed and living, distant and in our own country, holding views of the relation of Christ to the Father and other disputed doctrines, as widely different from each other, as are our views from those of other churches, or any one church from any other. Yet to these differing brethren all would cheerfully accord the Christian name.

Such admissions and facts ought to teach us something. They bring the question home to us, why do we give a common name to those who hold such separate views of him whose name it is? And the answer is also brought home to us,—we give a common name, because of a common Faith and a consistent Character. At these two points we will look more carefully.

1. *Faith.* The only ground which sustains a common faith among all Christians, yet a high and sufficient ground for the name itself, is that which has just been intimidated—an acknowledgment of the relation of *disciple* to Christ. To be a disciple, is to be a learner and a follower. The known meaning of the word, and its just sense, is that of 'learner,' indicating that Christ is taken as a Teacher, whom we believe and would obey. We believe in him; believe that he lived as is recorded in the Gospels, believe that he knew and taught the truth, that he attested it by his life and death, and that we are bound to receive and follow it. This faith is common to Christians of every name. Its signification is common in the writings of the New Testament, and the use of the Apostles. It is this that is meant, when we are there required, in general terms, to 'believe in Christ.' It is this, and no more, that was required of the early disciples for admission to baptism, to the church, and to the company of followers. It gives of itself and of right a title to the name of Christian. It is all that does give it to thousands of different denomination and grade, who have borne it. It is all that the Apostles demanded, it is all that any have a right to demand, in point of faith. Let any man declare, with the appearance of sincerity, that he receives Christ as a commissioned, an authorized, and a true Teacher, whom he is bound to believe and resolved to follow, whom he does believe and strive follow,—most cordially, most humbly, will we take him by the hand as a Christian brother, and welcome him to Christian fellowship, whatever his name, his religious or philosophical peculiarities. So far as faith or profession goes, so far as recognition and communion are concerned, he is entitled to the name and privileges of a Christian, if his lips declare that he looks to Christ as his pattern, and his life do not contradict it.

Short of this we are unable to stop. If any one believe or resolve less than this, if he do not receive Christ as in any extraordinary sense a teacher and guide, we see not why he should take, or why we should give, the name of Christian. The name denotes something, merely as a name. To say that it denotes only a good man, or a sincere inquirer, or an honest professor of any thing, is using language very loosely, besides the offence to Christianity. It is saying that a disciple of Moses, or a disciple of Mahomet, may mean a disciple of Christ. It is saying that the good and true Christian; and so of the sincere Platonist, so indeed of the lowest deist. But what is a deist? He is one who believes in God, but rejects all special revelation, such as Christ professes to have brought. He either does not receive Christ at all, regarding him as a fiction, or he turns from him as an impostor, or he takes him at best as a good man, who uttered some truths, like Socrates, and made some discoveries, like Copernicus and Newton. To call such a believer a Christian, is as wild as to call me a Mahometan, because, while I reject his authority and pretensions, I believe that Mahomet said some true and good things. This man is not a Christian. But it does not follow, and we do not say, that the man has no Christian temper or character. He may have both. He may be a better man than you or I. There is no question that there have been Jews, Mahometans, and Platonists, more consistent, more true in heart, more faithful to their light and acceptable to God, than many in Christian lands and some in Christian profession and fellowship. But they are Jews, Mahometans, and Platonists still. And to call them Christians is as unmeaning as to call Luther a Protestant while he was a monk, or to make Socrates divine because he lived and died well.

But after all, many may say, what is a name? I answer, it is every thing, where a name is the very matter in question. It is of a name that we speak; and if it were nothing in itself, it would be nothing to give or withhold it. The feeling it awakens, the interest expressed even by unbelievers when the name of Christian is granted or refused, shows that it has a value, and that which it represents is desired. It is little to be called a Lutheran, or to be denied this or any other human name. But to be called a Christian, or no Christian, is serious. The name stands for a faith, and the faith is of the utmost importance. Different degrees of faith are important. There are various classes of believers and of followers. As Christ is viewed in one or another aspect, Christianity is much or very little, has authority or has none, is special or general, natural or supernatural. And these are not immaterial differences. He who believes in Christ as a good man merely, stands in a different relation to him, and must have a different feeling, from one who believes in him as an inspired teacher and expressly commissioned messenger. They who think he uttered many truths, but was still fallible, cannot feel towards him or listen to his instructions as they who believe him unerring, and bow to his instructions as to the voice of God. It is sometimes said, that this difference is no greater than that which exists between different denominations of Christians; that the Unitarian, for example, views Christ so differently from the Trinitarian, as to be denied the name of Christian by the latter, and yet we have always complained of this as bigotry and exclusion. Shall we not be guilty of the same, it is asked, if we exclude those who withhold from Christ all peculiar faith in his inspiration or authority? Is not the difference one of degree merely? By no means. The *doctrinal* difference does not affect the question of authority or commission in the least. The Unitarian believes as firmly and as fully in the Divine commission and indisputable authority of Christ, as the Trinitarian. One believes Christ to be God; the other believes him to be the Son of God; but so peculiarly his Son, so filled with his spirit, clothed with his authority, and attested by signs and wonders which God did by him, that he is the very power of God and wisdom of God, and all he says comes to us as the voice of God, claiming an equal faith and obedience with that which is yielded by the believer in his supreme divinity. Very different the faith and feeling of him who accords to Christ nothing peculiar in mission, illumination, or authority. To him he is no more than Plato discoursing on the Immortality of the Soul, or Cicero writing upon the Nature of the Gods. He may admire more the wisdom of Jesus, but he can rely no more on his truth or word; and it may be difficult to assign any bette

reason for calling him after Christ, than after Cicero or Plato.

The faith then that unites all Christians, without which men, however wise or excellent, are not *Christians*, is faith in Christ as the Son of God, 'whom the Father hath sanctified and sent into the world.' It is faith in him as the 'brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person;' the 'author and finisher of our faith;' 'the power of God, and the wisdom of God.' And this in no vague sense, such as would apply to any man and all men who are true, but in a sense peculiar and superior to all other; one that gives to Christ a strictly divine mission, supernatural power, and unerring truth. So much as this, in clear and settled faith, we deem essential to the name of Christian. To the character of a Christian much more is essential.—*Monthly Miscellany.*

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 15, 1842.

SERVICES AT THE FUNERAL OF REV. WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, D. D.

The last offices of affectionate and melancholy commemoration were performed over the remains of this eminent divine and philanthropist on Friday last. Every thing which depended upon the few and simple arrangements for the solemn occasion was appropriately performed. The mortal remains had been brought to the city and deposited in what was lately the dwelling house of the departed. There a multitude had been gathering, renewed and supplied from hour to hour, to take one parting view of that countenance which by those who have looked upon it will never be forgotten. At the time appointed for the services the remains, followed by the immediate mourners, were borne to the Church in Federal st., and placed before the pulpit and the table from which he had spoken the words of Jesus Christ, to his flock. The gallery of the Church was open to all, the side aisles and a portion of the broad aisle, were occupied by the members of the Society, and the front pews and many others were filled by the Committee of the Society, and by the clergy. Every part of the house was crowded by an assemblage constituted of such various classes in the community, as to offer in itself a tribute to the eminence and influence of the departed. There was no funeral parade, no sackcloth hangings, no swinging of censers, no strewing of dust upon the coffin. There was deep feeling, and solemn thought, and treasured remembrance enough to supply the place of all the usual garniture of the obsequies of the dead. There was the high place of instruction from which the eloquent divine had opened the lively oracles of God; there was the table of commemoration, at which he had offered the prayers of a holy mind and spoken from the fulness of a heart intimate with the love of Jesus Christ. Familiar forms occupied the places where his eyes had gazed upon them and the representatives of three generations—the aged, the active and the young gathered around the bier of the great and good man.

Probably no other occasion could occur, even in the unceasing round of sad and solemn experiences in life, which would have brought together the individuals who composed that assemblage. There was a touching tribute of respect paid to the character of that honored and reverend man, which will atone for much that is unworthy in human life. Around the bier where he was laid low in death, were gathered as sincere mourners, multitude of every place and profession, especially of the eminent in all the departments of professional life. Men of the most opposite tastes, pursuits and opinions were there side by side. A dense multitude were collected around the exterior of the Church and filled the neighboring streets, but a solemn stillness seem to hang over the assembly within. The following was the Order of Services.

ANTHEM.

I heard a voice from heaven,
Saying unto me,
Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead
Who die in the Lord.
Even so, saith the Spirit,
For they rest from their labors.

Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. Mr. Lothrop; Prayer, by Rev. Dr. Parkman.

HYMN.

Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time,
The Lord's appointment, is the servant's hour.

Go to the grave, for there thy Savior lay,
In death's embraces, ere he rose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

Go to the grave: no, take thy rest above,
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope, hast perfect love
And open vision for the written word.

Address, by Rev. Mr. Gannett; Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Young.

HYMN.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Dear spirit, rest thee now;
E'en while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust to its narrow house beneath,
Soul to its place on high,
They that have seen thy look in death
No more may fear to die.

BENEDICTION.

It seemed wonderful to us, and we think it must have been equally so to all who listened to him, that Mr. Gannett, under the pressure of so heavy affliction upon himself, and with the knowledge that a word of life and power would be expected, by all around him, could in so short a time have prepared his discourse. To flatter or extol such a service would be most unbecoming. All that we need to say of it is that it met the full sympathies of the audience, and was received by them as a just delineation, not an eulogy, of the life and character of Dr. Channing. As the discourse will soon appear in print we shall not now present an analysis or even a sketch of it. Mr. Gannett observed that he left the more extended labor of writing a biography of the deceased, and of delineating his high intellectual character to another. May we not hope that the work will be accomplished by an eminent jurist, a classmate, and through his whole life, the devoted friend of the deceased—Mr. Justice Story?

It certainly is not for us to undertake here an analysis of that wonderful mind which Dr. Channing consecrated to the ministry of Christian truth and of philanthropy. The civilized world has felt already the influence of his life, and the fruit of his labors will mingle with the many agencies of good which are to act upon coming generations.

THE SPIRITUAL PROSPERITY OF OUR RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

'One thing,' says an experienced divine, 'will more than any other contribute to the winning of souls and the progress of religion in every society, and that is that the people, its members, should feel not merely a strong interest in the success of their minister, but in each others success; that remembering that they are brought into intimate fraternity with each other as members of a religious society, they should feel a strong sympathy and take a deep interest in each others moral welfare and happiness, and each endeavor personally and by his own efforts, to win souls, to bring home truth and duty to the hearts and consciences of others, his friends and fellow-worshippers.' This is true. The minister of religion is weak not simply without the love and confidence, but without the sympathy and personal assistance of his people. And angel's eloquence, a prophet's fearless enthusiasm, an apostle's fervent devotedness will avail little without them. He is like one beating the air or watering the rock, unless he find helpers in Christ Jesus among his flock, unless he find his people not only ready to co-operate in every good work, but invidually and personally active in exerting a religious influence. It is because this sympathy is not felt, nor these efforts made to the extent they ought to be, that religion sometimes languishes in a society where the Pastor is doing all that a faithful and devoted man can do. In how many of our religious societies, especially in cities and large towns, are the people strangers to each other when they ought to be friends and fellow-helpers. They meet week after week, in the pews, in the aisles, in the porch, by the way, without exchanging even a look of sympathy or a word of recognition, without doing or saying to one another any thing to imply that they are fellow pilgrims on the same great journey, bound to bear one another's burdens, and help each other onward under the struggles and trials of life. A different aspect would be presented by many of our religious societies, a stimulus would be given to the growth of righteousness and piety in them, were there more expression of the religious sympathy and feeling that, we doubt not, burn in many hearts. Opportunities for this are not wanting. While by watchfulness, meditation and prayer, we cherish in our hearts the principles and spirit of religion, as the very life of our souls, it is yet daily in our power to do something for the cause of Christ, something by our personal influence and exertion to strengthen the hands of our minister, something to contribute to the diffusion and growth of these principles and this spirit in the hearts of others. We can make our family circle a school of piety, a nursery of divine knowledge, of kind affections and pure devotion. We can, at least, strive by our example and influence to check there the tendencies to evil in their first manifestations, and to mould the young around us to an affinity with all that is pure and heavenly. In the family circle, and in the intercourse of social life, the mere exhibition of an elevated Christian character, a character inspiring confidence, winning affection, commanding respect, will of itself do much good; but occasions are not infrequently offered for exerting a direct moral influence,—when a look, a hint, a word may give a right direction to thought and purpose, and when, by dwelling in conversation upon the great truths of religion and connecting their illustration and application with the charms of social intercourse, we can win souls to Christ and awaken in other hearts an interest that shall never die, in those subjects which alone are capable of filling and satisfying the soul. Let these occasions be improved by each and all. Let not social life and intercourse be wholly occupied with the passing trifles of the day, while religion, which can suggest themes, on which the thoughts can dwell, and the tongue speak in tones that shall bless and sanctify, is excluded.

For the Register and Observer.

BRIGHTON SUNDAY SCHOOL.

It is a source of the deepest satisfaction to find almost every where a permanent or an increasing interest on the part of Pastors and people in regard to their Sunday Schools; and the natural consequence, their generally flourishing condition. Among others, the School of the First Parish in Brighton is entitled to a favorable notice. The recent Pastor of that Society, Rev. A. D. Jones, always gave a large share of his thoughts and feelings to the cause of the young in connection with his Sunday School. Its Anniversaries, which he was first to favor, have always been pleasant and instructive. At a recent one, week before last, the children of the school with their teachers and friends, were assembled at the Academy situated on a beautiful eminence overlooking the city and a delightful intervening and surrounding landscape, embowered in a clean and pleasant walnut grove. The simple banquet, was in the hall below, mottoes decorated the walls; 'Love one another' and 'Feed my Lambs;' and the tables were loaded and ornamented with fruits and flowers from the celebrated gardens of the Winship's and the Warren's. After an original hymn had been sung, and a fervent prayer offered by the Rev. Mr. Jones, and the company bodily refreshed, they adjourned to the upper Hall where the moral and religious banquet was to be dispensed. The young were first addressed by G. F. Thayer of Boston, the teachers by L. G. Pray of the same place; and the parents by the Rev. Mr. Adams, one of the clergy of the village, and Rev. Mr. Muzzey of Cambridge port. The closing remarks of the latter gentleman, without disparaging those of the other speakers which were impressive and instructive, were truly beautiful and appropriate. 'This occasion,' said he, as near as we can remember, 'has been a happy one. All of us have enjoyed it. But nevertheless it cannot be denied, it has been saddened by one thought, that this is the last time you are to meet your beloved pastor in this happy connexion, and from whom you are so soon to be separated. This thought has indeed saddened us. We sympathise with him, and with you. Even the heavens, (alluding to a shower which had occurred in the afternoon, followed by a rainbow) have seemingly sympathised with us and wept in view of your coming loss. But let us not forget the beautiful rainbow which succeeded. Let that be to you a bow of promise, that this cloud shall pass away; that a better day shall come, and a new and happy pastoral relation be established. Our prayers and best wishes shall go with your present pastor; and they shall be equally fervent, that another shepherd may be found for this little flock, who shall lead them as gently and as faithfully to the green pastures and by the still waters of Christian duty and everlasting life.'

Another hymn having been sung, tracts distributed by the agents, and a heart-stirring benediction pronounced by the Pastor, the services were closed, and the parties to it separated, with their good impressions with regard to Sunday Schools strengthened, and their hopes of the human family brightened by the interview. L.

AID TO NEW SOCIETIES.

Messrs Editors,—The frequent appeals for aid, from our Unitarian brethren in the West, and otherwheres, demand our sincere and warmest sympathy, and earnest endeavors to relieve them. And I am confident the appeal would not be a vain one if the subject was taken up by our clergymen, and particularly laid before their respective congregations. There are ample means, and generous hearts enough, in most all the Societies in New England, but more particularly in Massachusetts, if the subject was brought home to their sympathies, by a direct appeal from the pulpit, to relieve every society requiring assistance, and to mature many others, where at present the germ only is formed. And this is a duty which we, of all others, ought cheerfully and zealously to perform, if we sincerely believe in our own faith! Many of our brethren have, and still are, contributing nobly toward this object—in forming auxiliaries to the Unitarian Society—contributing communion plate—books for libraries, &c. And the pleasure these individuals must derive, from knowing the lasting benefit they have conferred, the incalculable good done, and the gratitude of those so benefitted, must be of such a kind, that few would be willing to part with, and many would like to share.

In our own 'rich commercial city,' where so many of our faith reside, and where there are such ample means and *generous hearts* too,—I am confident much might and would be done, if our clergymen would present the subject directly, and earnestly, to their people; either in forming auxiliary societies to assist the Unitarian Society in its benevolent operations, or in generously contributing for some other specific purpose. If this were done, Salem would no longer bear the deserved reproach, of 'inactivity and listlessness,' so often cast upon her, but take her place, side by side, with some of her truly philanthropic neighbors.

We ought, we can, and we *will* do much, I am confident, if we are strongly called to do so: but our long continued prosperity, may perhaps need to have the wants of others clearly made manifest, for us to sufficiently realize them, and give our aid.

SALEM.

CORRECTION.

Messrs. Editors,—In your Register of the 8th inst., I observed in the letter of your correspondent, at Hillsboro', the following, 'A valuable lot of Books, which will be a good foundation for a British Library arrived from New York, about the same time that yours came, presented to our society by Joseph Brooks, Esq., of that city, amounting to some fifty bound volumes.' This should be Joshua Brookes, Esq., instead of Joseph. I became accidently acquainted with the fact of his sending this box of Books. Mr. Brookes has been a great benefactor to the societies at the West, by contributions in Money, Books, Tracts and Pamphlets, but the most of his charities have been given that the 'left hand should not know what the right hand doeth.' This information has come to me from sources that have succeeded in tracing out anonymous donations. My desire is that credit should be given where it is due, and that all the wealthy members of our societies in this city, should have the same active benevolence for the spread of 'the truth as it is in Jesus,' in our own cities and the growing towns of the West, as Mr. B. From the reports of the ministry at large in Liverpool, I perceive that his charities are not confined to this country, nor to sects; wherever there is poverty and suffering the appeal is not disregarded. If the heart is right the hand doeth good. How desirable would it be, if we could only convince those who have an abundance of 'this world's goods,' of the pleasure of extending relief to the spiritual wants of our neighbors and friends. How beautiful and true the saying, that there is more pleasure in giving than receiving, yet how difficult to appreciate until practised. Could we all be made abruptly to stop and calculate, how much of this world's treasure we could take with us, when we die, and how often the good intended by bequests is totally perverted, should we not feel that a certainty now, would be better than an uncertainty hereafter. In giving charity with the right spirit, do we not in our hearts have a slight foretaste of our happiness hereafter, the Heaven within us? I am aware the Unitarians have had many and repeated calls upon their benevolence of late, and the pleasure of responding to these calls, has been confined to a few compared with the whole number of Unitarians in this city. Could I but be instrumental in inducing others 'to go and do likewise,' to take a cool and candid view of the situation of our brethren in Christ, in the South and West, and compare it with their own situation and privileges, I should feel as if I had done them a service.

UNITARIAN SOCIETY AT MONTREAL.

Messrs. Editors,—Perhaps the following brief extract from a private letter, dated Montreal, Sept. 18, if inserted in your paper, may induce some young man, zealous for the truth, to accept for a few months, if no more, a situation which is far from being ineligible, and which it is earnestly desired to have filled as speedily as possible. The letter is written by a member of the Unitarian society recently organized in the city of Montreal, which offers for the next six months, a reasonable remuneration for the services of a clergyman, with the promise of increasing it with the growth of the society, and of its probable increase the writer thus speaks:

'What young man, even of popular talents, when made acquainted with the results which his preaching must inevitably produce here, could resist the offer of coming to us, for at least six months. He would have the warm sympathy of numbers of intelligent persons, who would not fail to sustain him in his labors for the cause of truth, the certainty of being rewarded by the increase of disciples, so that before the period of his probation terminated here, he would have the satisfaction of knowing that through his instrumentality, our society had attained a degree of strength as to members and influence, that would defy the calumnies of its enemies. There can be no doubt that with a popular and devotional preacher, six months more would place us on a permanent basis,—could we have such an one, we should have nothing to fear but every thing to hope. Our prospects were never brighter, so far as a preparedness of the public mind to adopt liberal views is concerned. We conclude, as a matter of course, that no young man could be solely influenced 'by filthy lucre,' but that the spirit of his mission rather would have its power and its influence over him.'

CORRESPONDENCE.

New York, Oct. 1st, 1842.

Messrs. Editors,—Having derived so much pleasure by perusing the various letters written by your correspondents relative to the state and prospects of Unitarianism in various parts of our country, it occurred to me that I might confer a similar gratification to others by giving some account of the condition of our Churches in this neighborhood. Most of your readers are perhaps aware that there are but two Unitarian Churches in this city, a small number indeed for so large a population, but we hope and trust that the time will soon come when we shall occupy a more commanding position. The Church of the Messiah is at present laboring under many disadvantages, chiefly arising from the temporary absence of their Pastor, Dr. Dewey, for a period of two years; that he may return to us with restored health is doubtless the earnest prayer of his parishioners, and all his numerous friends; he has now been absent on the Continent of Europe one year, and by recent letters we understand that his health is quite restored. Our Pulpit has been supplied during his absence by several of our clergy, who have remained with us from one to four Sabbaths, this transient supply of the Pulpit is not favorable to the prosperity of a Church, it creates an unsettled feeling in the congregation, and as at present with us without a pastor, which we can call our own, causes much inconvenience in cases of affliction, sickness and death, when the advice and consolations of a Pastor are felt, these disadvantages are deeply felt by the Society and they are now anxious to settle some suitable Colleague to Dr. Dewey; taking into consideration all these obstacles our Church continues to be very well attended although not crowded as was often the case under Dr. Dewey. We cannot but believe that this Church is throwing out an immense influence in softening the prejudice which exists in this community towards Unitarians, and if this can be accomplished even if they do not become fully converted to our views, we ought to *hail* it, for violent prejudice shuts up the mind against all conviction and argument, be it ever so sound. This then and particularly so in our case is accomplishing a good deal, it surely places the mind in a situation towards the right understanding of our faith, and this we have a right to feel we are accomplishing if we may judge by the great number of strangers who are constant attendants on our services, but more especially that of the evening. Our beautiful Church doubtless attracts many, as also does the music; we have perhaps the very finest choir in the city, under the direction of Mr. Brigham who is assisted by Mrs. S——, Miss P——, and others, who together with Mr. Turner as Organist give us a musical talent in this department unsurpassed by any choir in the city and worthy the efforts and zeal displayed in its cause by its intelligent conductor. The Rev. Mr. Bellow's Church in Chamber Street is in a flourishing condition, the congregation is as large as the Church will conveniently accommodate, and it is their intention to erect a more commodious and sightly house of worship as soon as the times are more favorable. Mr. Bellows has by his talents and zeal made himself very popular not only among his own people, but is much known and valued for his worth among the community generally; we should suppose that his manners were winning to the young men, judging from the number that attend on his preaching. We surely look upon him as one of our *stars* and only hope that his life and health may be spared that he may go on shining brighter and brighter in this cause of extending those views of Christian truth, which when fully received into the heart cause an effulgence of happiness and joy. The Church in Brooklyn under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Farley is in a very flourishing condition; through the zeal and deep interest manifested in their welfare by their Pastor, the Society have increased largely in numbers, and they feel themselves now in a condition to erect a Church for their more convenient accommodation than the Lyceum now affords, and as their subscription is now sufficiently large to warrant them in so doing, the work will doubtless be commenced this fall. If I have now interested any of your readers in this view of the state and prospects of our cause in this city, I hope they will reciprocate the pleasure which we shall doubtless derive from having similar letters from them.

Very truly, P. S.

The corner stone of the New Unitarian Church in the city of Rochester, N. Y., was laid on Thursday, 29th ultimo. The following was delivered on the occasion by Mr. Rufus Ellis, who for the present has engaged to officiate for the Society.

ADDRESS.

To improve every suitable opportunity for defining and stating our faith is both natural and wise. It is good for ourselves, it is good for others; for ourselves because it enables us to keep steadily in view, the great principles which we account most dear, the masters to whose services we have bound ourselves; for others, because they also may need the light which cheers our souls, because no harm can ever issue from the prudent utterance of sincere, well-grounded convictions. Further, when the opportunity that invites to speech, is the commencement of an important undertaking, it becomes us not only to address our brethren, but also to pray unto our God, that from the infinite fullness, we may gain a supply of that power and wisdom, without which the best toil of the laborer must be expended in vain.

We have come to this place, friends! that we may lay the corner stone of a new House of Worship, destined, we trust, at no late date, to be dedicated to the interests of liberal Christianity. The occasion demands a few words of explanation, encouragement and prayer.—Let me endeavor to meet this demand.

Why, my friends, have we engaged in this enterprise? What are the motives that impel us?

Our peculiar position demands, I think, that this question should be replied to, first, negatively—that we should first say what we do not propose to ourselves. And, I observe accordingly, that we do not intend to devote this structure to the religion of reason, merely, without regard to the special divine interpositions, which have had for their object, the more perfect illumination of reason, the more complete establishment of its empire. We are not worshippers of a God, without prophets and Mediator, a God that has never inspired and united himself with the human soul. Contrariwise, we worship the Jehovah that spake to Moses and to the prophets; we worship the God that dwelt in the Son, and labored with the Son's Apostles'. *We are sinful men, and therefore prone to unbelief.* We are not so foolish, then, as to close our eyes against the fact, that at sundry times and in divers manners God has revealed himself even to sinners, that the rays which beam out from his Holy Word, now and ever, dispel the vapors, sent up by the evil heart to deaden the reason. We are not so foolish, as willfully to forget, that 1800 years ago, there was (to adopt the expression of another,) 'a special movement in the Divine Providence,' whereby the world gained a Redeemer and Enlightener an everlasting channel, through which the reconciling influences of God's Holy Spirit, may be imparted without ceasing to man's weary soul, influences which cannot fail to regenerate and sanctify. Let me say then, that we do not take our stand, merely as lovers of the truth, as seekers for a faith. Pilate asked what is truth, in his mouth the question was appropriate; but the day has gone by for it now:—we certainly shall not ask it, who have drawn our spiritual life from Christ, that vine of which we are the branches, we shall not ask it, who recognize in him the ideal of humanity, and are sure that when the race shall have attained to his standard, it will have been reconciled to God.

Leaving negation, then, I pass on to affirm, that we design to rear a Christian Temple, a Temple to be devoted to the service of God through his Son. We shall not indeed worship our God *and* his Mediator, for by so doing, we should lose this Mediator, and be compelled to seek another, but we do intend to worship God *through* his Mediator, even the man Christ Jesus. We will yield to none in our estimate of the value of Christianity, for we believe it to be the power of God unto salvation. Indeed, because of our regard for the Gospel, we have determined to forsake the assemblies of our fellows, and have a faith and a worship unto ourselves. Let us see how this is. But first, observe, I pray you, that any words of censure, which I may see cause to utter, must not be applied to believers—they are only intended for doctrines.

Christian truth is a mighty quickening and sanctifying energy; and however much this truth may be hampered and disguised, this energy cannot be quite destroyed. But the power of the doctrines must depend upon its purity—it must be rightly apprehended or it cannot work mightily. Now, there are more who have this just apprehension, than bigots fancy, for simple religious hearts, by a logic of their own, correct the errors of creeds. Yet it is important that the mightiest of instruments should be kept free from rust. It is important that the truth should be sought in its purity, else many will be harmed, and many will not be helped. Now the spirit of liberty must guard the Gospel's purity; a spirit which will not suffer the men of the past or of the present, to mingle their fancies and speculations with its clear streams. Christ cannot do what he would for us, if we have any master, be it a church council, or a church creed, saving Him. The Apostles cannot do their best for us unless we take their lesson, at first hand. Experience has taught that human interpretations of Christianity are not to be trusted, that men learn the Gospel lesson gradually; we would therefore forsake men, and return to Christ; we would shape for ourselves, our own system, out of the materials which he has furnished; we believe in religious progress, and therefore in religious liberty. This liberty we cannot find in the prevailing religious communities, and therefore we are constrained to leave them. We have done it sorrowfully, for we love to labor with our Christian brethren, but we trust that we have done it wisely, and please God, we shall persevere. We only seek room to grow:—we have not attained—we pray that a new, and ever increasing light may beam out upon us, from humanity's everlasting Gospel.

Further, we do not separate ourselves merely to gain a liberty which we shall need bye and bye. We need this freedom now, need it that we may hold fast to that degree of Christian truth and simplicity, which, as we believe is peculiarly our portion, and peculiarly fitted to meet the wants of the human soul in our day. We think that Christianity, as commonly taught, is unscriptural, unreasonable, and self contradictory—dishonorable to God, and often a stumbling block to man. Mysteries we can receive, but not absurdities. I have no time for details—I can only say, that, in our opinion, the prevailing views concerning man's nature malign God:—that the theology of the day robs us of our Savior by lifting him entirely out of the circle of our humanity, and recognizes, neither the awful nature of the Divine Law nor the infinite depths of Divine love. Its vicarious atonement, besides being unscriptural, seems to us only a legal fiction, its assertion, that God cannot without 'satisfaction,' pardon the truly penitent, sounds in our ears like the voice of the elder brother, in the parable of the returning prodigal. Now we wish to be sanctified, not distracted by our faith. No doubtful guesses about the divine decrees must confuse us, when we would praise our God, Just and Merciful. No arbitrary notions of sacrifice must shake our faith in his righteous law. No hard speculations about the Savior's nature, must keep us from contemplating and loving the wise, gentle, perfect Son of God. The current views of the time are hindrances to the growth of our souls—and we must put them away—for we would strive with the aid promised by the Son, to grow into the Savior's likeness, and so be reconciled to the Father.

And this is our last motive for secession, indeed it is the sum and end of the whole matter.

We shall come here, because here we can more certainly save ourselves and others. Our faith seems to us the most powerful form of Christianity, and therefore we love it. It can do the work which the age imposes upon the believer,—and therefore we would go apart from the discussion and proclamation of dogmas, to us powerless, that the truth which we prize may have an opportunity to accomplish its tasks. What is simple, not what is subtile and refined, shall conquer man's soul.—'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself—this do and thou shalt live.' This we would do. We would suffer the wise and gentle one who said so little about doctrines, to deliver us from the power of passion, and subject us to the law of God, to reconcile us to the Father. We would listen to him when he teaches, that the truest greatness lies in useful service, that by the ministry of brother to brother, the blind must be enlightened, the suffering relieved, the sinful converted, until sorrow and sin shall pass away, until he shall reign whose right it is to reign, until God shall be all in all. When we congratulate ourselves, friends! because of this day, let us think of it as destined to further the work of God in our own souls and in society. How should we be straitened, until we are reconciled to this God, and have learned to love his children. For pure worship, for sincere service, then, we will raise these walls:—by piety and philanthrophy we will strive to gain friends; or if this may not be, *we* at least will do something to bring in the kingdom—and so may the blessing of God descend upon our undertaking.

Messrs. Editors,—Will you oblige me and others, by inserting in the Register the following extract from a Sermon preached recently by a clergyman of the Methodist Church. It *is an extract*, although for convenience it is styled 'a short Sermon,' &c. I have taken it from the last *Zion's Herald*. I happen to be well acquainted with the young clergyman who preached the discourse, and know him to be possessed of an amiable disposition, and a heart full of love for Christians of *every* name; which is something to say even in this enlightened day.

Yours truly, B. H. G.

A SHORT SERMON UPON A SHORT TEXT.

BY REV. H. C. BARRUS.

Beloved let us love one another.'—1 John iv. 7.

How much of love was manifest in the exalted character of our Lord Jesus Christ? In the days of his flesh he went about doing good, and in every exhortation, and in every act of his benevolent life, love was the foundation and the top-stone.

The Christian church, individually, are professedly the representatives of this distinguished character; but, O, what a distorted representation do a majority of them present! How few, comparatively, obey the solemn injunction, 'let this mind be in you,' &c.

My soul has been pained while I have witnessed the unchristian spirit and temper manifested by the professed followers of Christ towards each other. They cannot think pleasently of, speak pleasently to, or look pleasently at, each other; and those denominations of Christians who are professedly *evangelical* in *sentiment*, are most *wofully evangelical* in their Christian deportment.

'We believe,' says one sect, 'in the doctrine of special election and reprobation, and you do not;' therefore we have no Christian sympathy for you; and we, says another sect, believe in exclusive immersion, and you do not; and therefore we are your enemies, and cannot consistently acknowledge you to be Christians;' and so we might go on, almost 'ad infinitum,' to mention differences in *part icular*, which do not effect *essentials*, and which never ought to be moving causes of bitter invectives and hostilities.

Is the time never to come when all denominations of Christians shall lay aside party feeling and minor denominational differences, and unite on the broad platform of 'salvation by faith in Christ?' When the weapons of our warfare, which have been by far too 'carnal,' shall be laid aside, and they shall cease to 'bite and devour' each other? when all Christians shall take up, and in the name of God wield, those weapons which are 'spiritual and mighty' through Him? weapons no longer to be levelled against our brother, but against *sin*, which is blighting the prospects and ruining the hopes of our fellowmen.

For one, I am heartily sick of denominational jealousies and differences; I would to God that we could all become Christians in very *deed*, and not in word only. I have no right to expect that every man will believe my creed, or adopt *my* peculiar notions of divinity; but I *do* expect that every *Christian* will allow me to enjoy those sentiments unmolested; and, on the other hand, I feel that I have no right to interfere with the peculiar sentiments of my Christian brother.

Christianity is established upon an immovable basis; therefore *doctrines* are not so much called for in the preaching of the present day, as many are led to imagine; but we need those *practical duties* which relate to the business transactions of life, and those higher virtues taught in the gospel, which should form the *every-day character* of the Christian man.

How foolish is it for a minister to occupy a whole Sabbath in proving that Christian, Bible baptism may be administered by some other mode rather than by immersion; or upon subjects equally as immaterial as this! How many souls, think you, by *such* sermons are persuaded to *forsake sin*, and learn to do well? or how many members of his church are comforted in their minds, and built up in the faith of the gospel? Not one! except it be such as are fed, and *only fed*, by controversial preaching.

I sincerely and ardently desire to see Christian union; I desire to have that preaching which relates to the *heart* and the *life*, and less of that which relates to the theory and the *head*. By the latter preaching we may possibly make good *theoretical* Christians, but we shall find too many of them *awfully deficient in practice*: they may have 'the *form* of godliness,' but they will be destitute of the power.

May the Great Head of the church hasten on the glorious day when

'Party names and sects shall fall,
And Jesus Christ be all in all.'

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Universalism Examined, Renounced, Exposed in a series of Lectures, embracing the experience of the author during a ministry of twelve years, and the testimony of Universalist Ministers to the dreadful moral tendency of their faith. By Matthew Hale Smith. Boston: Tappan & Dennett. 1842.

There are singular disclosures in this volume. It is a curious book and not without value. Personal in its character, and affecting, in its charges, the moral honesty of a whole denomination, it will be read with avidity by a portion of the community. In the first Lecture, the author gives an account of his own religious experience, the circumstances of his early life, the influences that led him to embrace, then to doubt, then to examine, and finally renounce Universalism. In the subsequent Lectures, he unfolds and illustrates the general argument against Universalism, arising from the difficulties that attend its defence, from the insufficiency of what is adduced from Scripture and from the light of nature in its support, and from its baneful moral influence, and closes with an address to Christians in relation to Universalists and Universalism.

Matthew Hale Smith is known to us only by report. As a general rule we suppose, that when an individual changes his faith and passes from one denomination to another, his statements respecting his former friends and associates, especially if they are denunciatory, are to be taken with a small grain of allowance, but if a

tithe of what is asserted in this volume, and often with a particularity of time and place and person, which easily admits of its being disproved if false, be true, it is sufficient to establish the immoral and dangerous tendency of Universalism, and to make even the serious and well-disposed of that denomination pause, ere they continue their faith and give their influence to a system which produces such results. For instance, take the following statements beginning on page 62.

"Among those who composed the societies of Universalists, I have ever found a general dislike to religious duties and serious things. This seemed to be the uniting bond. To cast off fear, and to restrain prayer, was the great thing to be gained by a profession of Universalism. In the congregations with which I have had an acquaintance, I never found a family that observed the reading of the Bible as an act of devotion, or had regular family worship. And I have never found settled religious principle among those calling themselves Universalists. Not only have I never found devout reverence springing from the system, but none can live in it. I have observed it a fact invariably occurring, that, when a Universalist becomes serious and thoughtful, he will at once leave the Universalist meeting. And when a pious man embraces that system, he will abandon his habits of devotion in changing his faith. Men peculiar for their habits of private and family prayer, and for a serious study of the Bible, if they embrace Universalism, become at once as peculiar for the neglect of these religious duties.

The great purpose of those who unite in Universalist societies, is not to make themselves better, and to throw around themselves new restraints; it is not that the Sabbath may be the better observed, and men reformed, converted, and made holy. But the great purpose is to put down Orthodoxy. All preaching that gives satisfaction tends to this, and all effort is directed to this point. If a minister, in place of preaching against religion, preaches against the sins of his people, he is at once censured as having 'travelled out of the record.'

Few make the daily reading of the Bible their dependence; few rely on its teachings for the support of Universalism. All its believers place great reliance upon the periodicals devoted to Universalism, to defend the system, and to explain away difficult texts. I have long been of opinion that no people, not even the Catholics, take their opinions so much upon trust as do the Universalists. Every where I have found a looseness of principle, and a disposition to ridicule serious things, that shocked my mind. Men seemed to value Universalism for the license it gave; for its power to cast off restraint, and remove from the conscience the sanctions of religion. When settled in Salem, I once attempted to persuade a member of any congregation to join the church. He declined. I urged him to do so, on the ground that for many years he had been a professed Universalist, and, as such, believed that all had a right to commune. His reply was emphatic: 'For me to join your church would be carrying the joke a little too far!'

The fact that many of my ministerial associates professed to have little confidence in the truth of the system, or in in its good moral tendency, was another source of difficulty. In private social meetings, ministers do confess to each other that there are objections to Universalism which they cannot remove. I have heard old men point out the sophistry of an argument used in defence of the system by a young man, and then employ the same argument, when preaching on the same subject. Often have I heard a zealous Universalist say, 'Our Orthodox friends do not know our weak points so well as we know them ourselves.'

Among them also was a great amount of skepticism. Some denied the existence of angels; some, a future life. Others rejected a part of the Old Testament, and a part of the New. The idea that God answers prayer was scoffed at. Many observed the form, in public service, because it was common so to do; while all admitted that it was the most difficult part of the exercises. A student of Universalist divinity was asked by his father, who was a Christian, if he prayed. His reply was, 'No, sir, not yet. I shall begin to preach soon; *and then, I suppose, I must come to it.*'

Many preachers, those the most popular, allow that they preach for money; and that, unless well paid, they would not preach at all. A near relation of mine, a Universalist minister, has confessed to me that he preached to get his bread; that his preaching did not reform men, neither did he expect it would; that he was well paid for his preaching, and sometimes his hearers were pleased, and sometimes they were offended, and swore. But they paid him promptly, and the rest was their concern.

Among no body of men can be found, I presume, so much ill-will, jealousy, and bad feeling, as may be found among the advocates of Universalism. They profess great love for all men; and for each other, in a special manner. But it is needful to go behind the curtain, to become familiar with the character of this good-will which preachers bear to each other, and of the brotherly love found in their borders.

Although associated with them twelve years, I never heard the subject of personal religion introduced in a meeting of Universalist teachers as a theme of conversation, or any topic designed to improve the understanding or mend the heart. But impure and indecent jests, low and offensive stories, remarks that would rule a man out of any respectable drawing-room in the country, together with petty scandal, and criticism of no friendly character upon some absent brother, make up the conversation of Universalist preachers when in company with each other. Some few of us used to regret this state of things, and talk of it. But any attempt to check it would only have brought us under the suspicion of all who were engaged in it.'

We confess that it does not increase our confidence and respect for Mr. Smith, that it took him twelve years to learn the weakness and insufficiency of a system, under the administration of which he witnessed such fruits as these.

TRIBUTE TO DR. CHANNING.

There was an organized meeting, on Wednesday evening, of gentlemen belonging to the Unitarian Societies in this city, in which it was resolved that Rev. Mr. Hall be requested to preach an appropriate discourse upon the loss of so great and good a man, on Wednesday evening next. The occasion will undoubtedly excite general interest in the community; for, while Dr. Channing was eminently the bright luminary of the Unitarian faith in this country, he is at the same time dear to all lovers of liberal principles and the rights of man. As a literary man, too, he belonged to the whole community; and deservedly stood, in England, at the head of American didactic literature. The reverend gentleman who will prepare the discourse, will do ample justice to the occasion; and arrangements will be made for its due observance in other respects.—*Providence Journal.*

WEALTH IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The whole property of Massachusetts, says the Boston Times, amounts, according to the last valuation, to three hundred millions in round numbers; population in round numbers 700,000, being $429 nearly, for every individual, or $2145 for every family of five persons. The county of Suffolk, in which is Boston, and which contains 95,773 persons, is valued at $110,000,000, while Essex, with a population of 94,983, is valued at only $31,592,082. Hampshire, with 30,897 inhabitants, is valued at $7,298,351; and Barnstable, with 32,584 inhabitants, contains property of the value of $4,896,693. The difference between Suffolk and the other counties is very great.

THE CHRISTIAN SABRATH.

The subscriber, having entered upon a course of efforts to aid in promoting the universal observance of the Lords Day, would respectfully request all Editors and periodicals who are friendly to the observance of the Sabbath, and who publish, from time to time, essays and facts adapted to promote it, to send him copies of their publications, for the purpose of forming a Depository of everything valuable on that subject. We would also request all Editors of papers and periodicals who are willing to send regularly a copy of their works, as a donation to the cause of the Sabbath, to direct them to him, No 28 Cornhill, Boston, Massachusetts.

JUSTIN EDWARDS.

P. S. All Editors of papers and periodicals friendly to the cause of the Sabbath are requested to insert the above in their publications.

FATHERLESS AND WIDOW SOCIETY.

The annual *Sermon* before the Fatherless and Widows, Society, will be delivered by Rev. K. W. Cushman, of this city, on Sabbath evening, Oct. 16th, in the Central Congregational Church, at 7 o'clock.

A collection will be taken up, at the close of the services, in aid of the funds of this Society. By order,

S. E WALDO, *Secretary.*

ERRATUM.—In the notice of the Installation at Sherburne, in our last num ber, the preacher Mr. Bigelow, was designated of Lancaster,—for which read—Taunton.

THE CHRISTIAN SABBATH.

The Discourse on the rights and duties of men, with regard to the Christian Sabbath, which was commenced at Park street Church, the last Sabbath evening, will be continued, the next Sabbath evening, in the Baptist Church in Bowdoin Square, by the Rev. Dr. Edwards. Exercises to commence at 7 o'clock. All friends of the Sabbath are invited to attend.

OBITUARY.

For the Register and Observer.

MRS. SARAH E. MILLS.

Died in Needham, Sept. 22d, Mrs. Sarah E. Mills, wife of Mr. Rufus Mills, and daughter of the late Rev. Stephen Palmer, aged 43 years. By the death of this amiable and exemplary lady, cut off as she was in the meridian of life, the family have sustained an irreparable loss. Her children are deprived of a most excellent mother, and her husband of a wife who was every thing which could endear him to her. From early life, she has been a professor of religion, and has ever been a bright ornament in the Church to which she belonged. Possessed of a strong mind, and an amiable disposition, she was quick in her perceptions of what was right and what was wrong. Once convinced of what was her duty, no inducements could turn her from it. To her neighbors and acquaintances she was greatly endeared by her many virtues and acts of kindness, and her death is deeply regretted by the whole Society, and they testified their respect to her memory by almost without an exception, following her remains to the tomb. But it pleased an All-Wise Providence to take her away, and she has gone to another, and we trust to a better world, to receive the reward of a good and faithful servant. None knew her but to love her, none saw her but to praise her. Peace to her ashes.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Sabbath in New Orleans.—Every Christian, of all denominations, will rejoice to learn that the disregard of the Sabbath is no longer a characteristic of New Orleans—the Bulletin says:

'The time was, when Sunday in this city was a day of merriment and joy. Stores were open along the length of every street, and chaffering for bargains was heard in painful contrast to that hush of the spirit which the Sabbath should never bring to man. American feeling and American influence, the one deep and the other magical, have changed all this, and New Orleans now presents an aspect on the 'seventh day,' of which every citizen may boast, and every christian be content. But the matter stops not thus. Amelioration is still going on, and whoever lives here to see a twentieth year hence, will see the quietest and most moral city in the United States. At present we compete successfully with any; then, we shall excel all.

Balloon Ascension.—Mr. Wise, the celebrated aeronaut, was to make an ascension on Saturday last from Gettysbury, Pa. After the balloon was filled, Mr. John H. McClellan of Gettysburg, offered Mr. Wise fifty dollars, for the privilege of having a ride in his stead. Mr Wise regarding the matter as a joke, allowed him to enter the car, and then let the balloon up a short distance by a rope, thinking, as there was considerable wind at the time, that his substitute would soon have enough of the experiment. Mr. McClellan, however, cut the rope and was off, Mr. Wise having just time to give him a few hasty and imperfect instructions to the management of the balloon. After rising to an immense altitude, being driven in a north-easterly direction, he descended in little less than an hour, about five miles from York, Pa. He passed nearly over Hunterstown and Berlin, and could see the towns and country for fifty or sixty miles around and speaks with rapture of the sublimity of the scene. When about a mile high, on pulling the valve rope to prepare for descending, from using too much force, the valve clapper broke and the gas was immediately discharged, thus making his descent on the parachute principle, with great rapidity, but without injury to himself or balloon. He says that as soon as the valve door came down upon him, he knew that something had 'broke loose;' and just then remembering that Mr. Wise had told him to be sure when he descended to throw out his grappling iron, he was preparing to get at it among the numerous things in the basket, 'when the earth *bounced up* against the bottom of the car!'—*Pennsylvanian.*

Sad Accident—but Fortunate Rescue.—On Friday morning, as the steamboat Iolas was coming up from Shrewsbury, Lieutenant Hunt of the Navy, with another officer and thirteen men in a barge, attempted to board her; when, by the mismanagement of the coxswain, the barge came in contact with the steamer's wheel, which instantly destroyed the barge and left them all floating in the water; some saved themselves by the wheel and some by ropes—but Lieutenant Hunt and six men went floating astern. Passed Midshipman Bartlett of the Navy, a passenger on board, rallied a crew quickly, and launching the yawl of the steamer from the upper deck, was after them in a moment, and succeeded in rescuing Lieutenant Hunt and all the men from a watery grave. One poor fellow was taken up from beneath the surface quite insensible, but was soon resuscitated. Too much praise cannot be given to Captain Allaire, his crew, and all the passengers, for their promptness and assistance in the rescue.—*New York Aurora.*

Capt. Geo. B. Worth.—The following just tribute to the memory of Mr Worth, is taken from the New Bedford Mercury:—

By the sudden death of George B. Worth, this community has been deprived of a most estimable and upright citizen; a man who unostentaciously, yet faithfully performed all the active duties of life; and was never unmindful of the claims of others, upon his time or his purse. But it is upon the little circle around his own fireside, that his loss will fall deeply—heavily—irreparably. Oh! who can speak peace to those bereaved mourners. The faithful and tender husband—the devoted and fond father, is gone forever, and those most cherished objects of his affections, towards whom his heart ever yearned, are desolate—no earthly balm can heal this wound. God alone can temper the blast to the bereaved wife, and those shorn lambs of his bosom.

He had friends too, farther removed, who will deeply mourn his early death; and one who has long and intimately known him, would offer this imperfect tribute to the memory of one of the most upright, honest and pure minded men, it has been his privilege to know and love—a man whose faults and foibles were so overbalanced by noble qualities, that it was difficult to discover in him, any weakness of character.

Captain Worth was one of nature's gentlemen. Educated upon the ocean; cradled as it were amidst its stormy billows, and exposed to all the hardships and buffetings of a sailor's life, yet his manners were unusually quiet, mild and affable. There was a native dignity about him; and possessing a fine face and person, he never failed to make a favorable impression upon strangers; and became doubly interesting to his friends.

With a correct judgement, industrious and prudent habits, his success as a merchant, if not rapid, was sure; and he had already secured the moderate independence he aimed at.

But he is gone! cut off in the midst of his usefulness, with all his fine sensibilities and ardent affections warm and unblighted in his bosom. In a moment the dread summons has come, and we are left to mourn his loss, to revere his memory, and to improve the solemn warning proclaimed by his sudden death.—'Prepare to meet thy God!'

Western Railroad.—The receipts of flour, &c. on the Western Railroad have largely increased within a few weeks, and it is stated that for the last six days 2000 barrels of flour per day more than could be taken upon the road without a larger supply of cars, have arrived at Greenbush, and have there been reshipped to New-York, to be transported to Boston by water.—*Courier.*

Fire.—At 10 o'clock this forenoon, (Tuesday) a fire was discovered in the Silversmith's shop of Mr Newell Harding, in Court Avenue. The building is a wooden structure, two stories high, with an attic. The fire broke out in the upper story, near one of the furnaces. There was 18 hands at work at the time, but so rapid was the progress of the flames that the whole upper part of the building was almost instantly ignited, and the flames burst from the windows and the roof, threatening a wide spread conflagration. The Department were promptly on hand, and by prompt action the fire was confined to the building, which was much damaged, the roof being entirely destroyed. The loss of property must have been very considerable, as the rapid progress of the flames prevented the removal of the stock.—*Transcript.*

China.—The following news relative to China was received in New York, by the arrival at that port of the ship Sarah Parker, which left Singapore on the 8th of June.—

The latest dates at Singapore from China were to the 1st of May, but contained little of interest. The Chinese were prosecuting the work of re-building the forts, and had lately built and launched two frigates. They have also constructed a large armed boat to be propelled by paddles—a sort of imitation steamboat, the crank to be turned by men.

The English appeared to have been waiting for the arrival of the remainder of their force from England before proceeding with their operations.

The Chinese had made an attack upon Ningpo, and were repulsed with a loss of 1200 men. The British have since fired the place and abandoned it.

Rumors were afloat that the Emperor of China had sent a deputation to Russia, to beg assistance of Nicholas in expelling the 'barbarians.'

The settlement of Hong Kong seems to be in a very flourishing condition. The capital has been named Victoria.

Rajah Mudah, of Acheen, is dead. His decease will be a matter of interest to the traders on the N. E. coast of Sumatra, as he has rendered himself very unpopular among them, from the high duties which he has levied.

During the month of April a Chinese junk was wrecked upon the west coast of Sumatra, in a gale. She had property on board belonging to several Chinese merchants of Penang, to the amount of $15,000, which was totally lost.

Accounts from Affghanistan are any thing but favorable, and Tharawaddie, King of Burmah, is by no means quiet, having recently been quite troublesome to the merchants at Rangoon.

Thanksgiving.—The Governor, with the advice and consent of the Council, has appointed Thursday the 24th of November, to be observed as a day of Public Thanksgiving in this State.

Contempt of Court—A queer Case.—On Friday morning, on the coming in of the Court, the District Court being now in session, Judge Reddington presiding, James McKenney, of Upper Stillwater, Old Town, was sentenced to three days imprisonment in the county jail, or to pay a fine of five dollars, for contempt, by improperly attempting to influence one Joseph Porter, of Corinna, a member of the first jury, after the adjournment of Court, and while the trial of an action was pending before that jury. It appeared from the testimony, that McKenney succeeded in convincing the juror that the case ought to be decided for the Plaintiff, and obtained from him an acknowledgement to that effect, and that McKenney afterwards boasted that 'it took *him* to influence a jury.' The Juror was dismissed from any further attendance at this term of the court.—*Bangor Courier.*

Dimes.—In the Southwestern States the people are generous enough to pass dimes eight for a dollar, instead of ten, which is their real value. One of our brokers received a keg of dimes the other day from New-Orleans, which were invoiced at 12 1-2 cts each. Dimes, while at the South they are held at twenty-five per cent. more than their real value, should never be allowed to migrate this way.—*Jour of Com.*

Mail Robbers. Messrs. Patterson and Kennedy, agents of the Post Office Department, arrived in Baltimore on Tuesday, having in custody two individuals recently arrested in Canada, implicated in the robbery of the great Western mail, between Wheeling and Baltimore, in Febuary last. There are now four persons in the Baltimore prison for this offence, awaiting their trial at the United States Court, which will convene in Baltimore on the first Monday of November next.

Consuls recognized by the President.—James H. Causten, of the Republic of Ecuador, for the city of Washington. Samuel Sweetser, Consul of same, for the city of Philadelphia. Wm. Bryan, Consul of the Republic of Texas, for New-Orleans.

Our citizens are pained and surprised to hear of the highly exaggerated reports in circulation concerning sickness in this town. Two weeks ago, there happened to be an unusual number sick, but the complaints and diseases were various and comparatively few were of a malignant kind. Several deaths occurred at nearly the same time, but the causes were different—and justified no cause of alarm, with those acquainted with the facts.—The reports that seven were dead at one time, and that one or more doctors declared the disease to be yellow fever, as near as could be in this climate, we need hardly say, are unfounded. No *Physician*, certainly, would make so foolish or inconsistent remark. The aggregate amount of sickness is now very much less than it was two weeks ago; and the town is in as good general state of health, in proportion to population as it ever was.—*Springfield Republican.*

Longevity.—A most remarkable case of longevity, in cold rigid New-England, is that of John Gilley, of Augusta, Me., who died a few years since, at the venerable age of 124. He married, at the age of 80, a girl of 18 years old, by whom he had ten children. The youngest of whom, at his death, was more than 100 years younger than his father. He was of Irish origin, but a native born citizen of Maine. His hair was a pure silver white, a small lock of which was exhibited to us, a day or two since, by a gentleman of this city, who had it from his physician. A short time before his death it turned black. His teeth were perfect and sound to within a short period of his death. So remarkable a man was he in his day, that he was a subject of curiosity to all who visited that section of the country where he resided. The late Dr. Harris was of that number. The late Governor Gore, of this Commonwealth, while on a tour to Maine, paid him a visit, and gave him a dollar for every year of his life.—*Transcript.*

City Improvements.—Our city, through the worst season of business and pecuniary derangement and pressure, has evinced a constant and steady growth. Every year adds new blocks of well built and valuable stores and dwellings. Much has been done in this respect during the present summer. Among the recent erections is a noble pile on the corner of State and South Pearl streets, for which we are indebted to the enterprize of Joseph Blunt, of New-York; and the fine block of mansions put up in Pine-street, opposite the State Hall, by Chris. Adams, for himself and Messrs. Watts Sherman and Edward Artcher.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

CONVENTION AT WORCESTER.

The Worcester Association have invited the clergy of our denomination, accompanied by lay delegates from their Societies, to meet in convention at Worcester on the 18th inst. We trust there will be a full attendance of our Brethren.

*** In our article on the inside of last week—headed 'Renunciations of Trinitarianism' we were led into two slight errors by a mistake of a correspondent. Rev. Wm. Hall, formerly Episcopal minister of Vernon, should read *lately Presbyterian minister of Onondaga, Hill, N. Y.*, and now Unitarian minister of Vernon. Rev. Mr. Tucker formerly Presbyterian minister of *Apulia*—instead of Albany.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Mr Lemuel Dyer, of Charlestown, to Miss Eliza Fickett, of Boston.

On Wednesday morning, by Rev. Mr Young, Robert Treat Paine, Esq., Counseller at Law, to Anne W., daughter of the late Isaac Stevens, Esq.

By Rev Mr Lamson, Capt Samuel Lamson, to Mrs Susan Perry, all of Boston.

By Rev Mr Gray, Mr Charles Dean, to Miss Susan S. Wharf.

In this city, Mr John P. Putnam, (son of Judge Putnam,) to Miss Harriet Upham, daughter of Phineas Upham, Esq.

Oct 5, Rev Charles Cleveland, to Miss Lucy Dunnels.

In South Boston, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 12th, by Rev. Mr. Shackford, Alfred A. Whitney, to Miss Elizabeth H., daughter of Sam'l Leeds, Esq.

In Brookline, Oct 9, Joseph Tilden, Esq. of Boston, to Miss Louisa Richards, of St Louis.

In Lowell, Oct 6, Mr Eben B. Wellman, of Boston, to Miss Martha Ann Williams, of L.

In Lebanon, N. H., Oct 6, Charles Marsh, Esq, of Roxbury, to Miss Lucy M., daughter of Joseph P. Fay, Esq, of L.

In Albany, Mr James B. Crane to Miss Eliza B. Thompson, both of Dalton, Mass.

DEATHS.

In this city, on Thursday last, Mrs Elizabeth, wife of Mr Samuel Lane, Jr, 27; also, on Saturday morning, Maria Minton, daughter of the above, 5 day.

In this city, Miss Mary Ann Holbrook, 27.

In Milton, 6th inst, Mrs Mary Horton, aged 90.

In Walpole, N. H., Oct 2, Mrs Abigail Williams, wife of Dr. John Williams, aged 80.

In Needham, Oct 6, George Morey, infant son of Rufus Mills, 2 weeks and 4 days.

In Berlin, Oct 3, Dea Amos Sawyer, aged 73.

In Marshfield, Oct 2, Mr Thomas Little, 83; 3d, Mrs Nancy, wife of Mr Thomas Little, 73.

In Athol, Sept 16, Mr Calvin Kelton, 68; Sept 24, Mrs Abigail, widow of the late Thomas Kelton, 79.

In New Orleans, Sept 10, William, youngest son of James Vaughan, of this city, 27; Sept 27, Mr W. B. Capen, 25, formerly of this city: both of yellow fever.

UNIVERSALISM UNMASKED, by M. Hale Smith, who has been a preacher of that faith twelve years, and whose statements are corroborated by testimony and acknowledgments from Universalist Ministers, Editors, &c. to the 'dreadful moral tendency of their faith.' A house divided against itself cannot stand.' It is believed that no person, be his faith what it may, can read this work with an honest desire after truth, and come to any other conclusion, than that it is a device of the devil. The work is stereotyped and printed in beautiful style, 1vol, 12mo, about 400 pages. This day published, and for sale wholesale and retail at WILDER & CO'S, 71 Washington st., opposite the Postoffice. Price, $1.00—a liberal discount made to those who buy to sell again. Orders, enclosing cash, solicited. o15

DESCRIPTIVE ANATOMY, by I. Cruveilher, Professor of Anatomy to the Faculty of Medicine of Paris, Physician to the hospital of Salpetriere, President of the Anatomical Society, &c., vol2; just received at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School sts. o15

FAMILY SECRETS—Or Hints to those who would make home happy, by Mrs Ellis, late Miss Stickney—in 2vols—Just received and for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School sts. o15

CZARINA—A Historical Romance of the Court of Russia, by Mrs Hoffland—complete in 1vol; for sale at TICKNOR'S. o15

FOR TRAVELLERS—Bowen's Picture of Boston, or the Citizen and Stranger's Guide to the Metropolis of Massachusetts; The Traveller's Guide through the Northern and Middle States and the Canadas; Mitchell's Traveller's Guide through the United States; Maps of New England and the several States in the Union. For sale at TICKNOR'S. o15

A LIBRARY FOR MY YOUNG COUNTRYMEN—The following commence the Series—The life and adventures of Henry Hudson, by the author of Uncle Philip's, Virginia, &c; Adventures of Captain John Smith, founder of Virginia, by the author of Henry Hudson,' &c; Dawnings of Genius, by Anne Pratt; Life and Adventures of Herman Cortes, by the author of Henry Hudson, &c; the Crofton Boys, a tale for Youth, by Harriet Martineau; the Old Oak Tree, a most interesting little volume of practical instruction for youth; illustrated with nearly fifty plates. SAXTON & PEIRCE, 133 Washington st. o15

DR. CHANNING'S Memoirs of Dr. Tuckerman. A Discourse on the Life and Character of Rev. Joseph Tuckermann, D. D., delivered at the Warren street Chapel. By Wm. E. Channing, D. D. Published for the Chapel. A few copies for sale at a reduced price by WM. CROSBY, 118 Washington st. o 15

BOSTON CIRCULATING LIBRARY—New Books; The Expectant, a Novel, by Ellen Pickering; The Czarina, by Mrs. Hofland. Also, all the principal Reviews and Magazines for October; The North American and Boston Quarterly Reviews; Knickerbocker and Graham's Magazine; Lady's Book; Campbell's selections from the Foreign Quarterlies, etc. etc. WM. CROSBY & CO., 118 Washington st. o 15

MUSICAL GIFT FOR THE YOUNG—This day published, containing Musical Anecdotes and Stories, with forty two pieces of original and selected music, by the Singing Master.

The design of this work is to present the science of music before the minds of the young in a pleasing and attractive form—for this purpose we have selected the most interesting stories and anecdotes which have been published, and also the histories of Haydn and Mozart, which we have abridged and prefaced expressly for this work—for sale by W. CROSBY & CO, 118 Washington st. o15

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VALUABLE SCHOOL BOOK—The Pictorial Primer; being an introduction to the Pictorial Spelling Book, designed as a first book for children, in families and schools, by R. Bently, author of the Pictorial Spelling Book, &c.

The alphabet is given in a variety of forms, associated with pictures and ornamental letters. The spelling lessons embrace a variety of the most familiar words in the language, interspersed with pictures, to assist the child in pronouncing the words, and comprehending their meaning. The reading lessons are composed mostly of words of one syllable, illustrated by numerous engravings. An examination of the picture gives a general knowledge of the subject, and presents it more forcibly to the mind; imparting instruction by the sense of sight as well as that of sound The engravings are all new, and made expressly for this work. No expense has been spared to make it well deserving the attention and patronage of parents, and those to whom is entrusted the instruction of children. Teachers and all interested, are respectfully requested to examine the book—published by SAXTON & PEIRCE, 133 Washington st. o8

ENGLISH BOOKS RECENTLY IMPORTED—Hood on warming buildings by hot water, 8vo; Seary's designs for Tombs and Cenotaphs, 8vo; the laws of the Papacy, by Rev R. J. M. Ghee, 12mo; Barber's Version of the Minor Prophets, 12mo; Impey's illustrations of German Poetry, 2v, 12mo; Blair's Inquiry into state of Slavery amongst the Romans; Baillie on the Nature and Dignity of Christ, 8vo; Sir Isaac Newton on two corruptions of Scripture; Eyre's Illustrations of St. Paul, 2v 8vo; Memoir of Lant Carpenter, 8vo; Sermons on Practical Subjects, by L Carpenter, 8vo; Travis's Letters to Gibbon, 8vo; the Nestorians or the lost Tribes, by A Grant, MD, 8vo; Unitarianism Defended, Lectures at Paradise St. Chapel, 8vo; Straus's Leben Jesu, 2vols, 8vo; Hobbs English Works, 8vo; Fuller's Worthies of England, 4vo, 8vo; Apostolical Epistles, 8vo.

For sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO, 138 Washington st. o8

SPIRIT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—The September Number of this periodical is just received by WILDER & CO, 71 Washington street. This work to which we invite the attention of the community, is a religious monthly, edited, with great learning and ability, by Robert J. Breckenridge, D. D., of Baltimore, and may fairly be considered the popular representative of the Old School Presbyterian body of Christians in the United States. Let that large and respectable body be judged of by their authorized and acknowledged writings. The talents and standing of Dr. Breckenridge, Editor of this periodical, is a sort of exponent of the ability with which it is conducted. The present number contains eight articles, besides 'A Sermon preached at the opening of the Synod of Cincinnati,' one of which articles, the eighth, entitled, 'Intercourse between the General Association of Massachusetts, and the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church,' is of sufficient importance to attract universal attention. The mechanical execution of the work is very handsome, and the subscription price only $2,50 per year, in advance. Sub criptions received at this office. o8

CHAPEL HYMN BOOK—For the use of Small Churches, Vestry meetings and Sunday Schools, Fourth edition. This little hymn book contains 437 hymns, some of which were selected with special reference to Sunday Schools. The present edition is printed on larger paper than the former, which renders it more acceptable for Vestry and Social Meetings. The price is now reduced to 25 cents per copy, in strong binding. Published at SIMPKINS'S Book and Stationary Rooms, 21 Tremont Row. o8

ANNUALS FOR 1843—The Christian Souvenir, an offering for Christmas and New Year, edited by I. F. Shepard—The Gift, beautifully illustrated; received and for sale at SIMPKINS'S, 21 Tremont Row. o8

THE CHRISTIAN SOUVENIR FOR 1843—An offering for Christmas and the New Year, edited by Isaac F. Shepard—embellished with six beautiful engravings—Mar Yohannan, How beautiful upon the Mountains, Sisters of Bethany, Perils of the Deep, The Noonday Rest, Holy Hours.

Contributors—N. P. Willis, Hubbard Winslow, Mrs Sigourney, Nehemiah Adams, T. M. Clark, S. J. Hale, Miss Gould, Wm. M. Rogers, R. C. Waterston, Geo. B. Cheever, Catharine E. Beecher, Chs. Rockwell, Seba Smith, John Inman, Dr. Beecher, Roy Palmer, &c—this day published and for sale by W. CROSBY & CO, 118 Washington st. o8

A KISS FOR A BLOW, or a collection of stories for children, showing them how to prevent quarreling, by Henry C. Wright.

The Czarina, an historical Romance of the Court of Russia, by Mrs Hofland, price, 25 cents—complete in 1 volume—just published; for sale by W. CROSBY & CO, 118 Washington st. o8

NEW TRACT, NO. 182.—On the Nature and Province of Natural and Revealed Religion, by Orville Dewey, D. D., being Tract No. 182, for Sept., published by JAMES MUNROE & CO., Agents of the American Unitarian Association. oct 8

NEW BOOKS—Library of Select Novels No 5, containing Eugene Aram, a Tale by E. L. Buiwer, author of Zanoni, Night and Morning, &c; History of the U. States or Republic of America, by Emma Willard; The Rose of Sharon, a Religious Souvenir for 1843, edited by Miss Sarah C. Edgarton, embellished with five beautiful steel engravings; Friendship's Offering, a Winter's Wreath for 1843, beautifully bound in arabesque morocco, and embellished with highly finished engravings; The Christian Souvenir for 1843, edited by Isaac F. Shepard, beautifully bound and illustrated; The Gift for 1843, a Christmas and New Year's Present, magnificently bound in calf extra—the plates by first rate artists. For sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School sts. oct 8

HEAVEN UNVEILED, or Views of Immortal Life and Glory, by Joseph Freeman, of England. Just imported and for sale at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School sts.

THE DIAL.—A Magazine for Literature, Philosophy and Religion, No. 10, for October, 1842. Received at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School sts. oct 8

THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY FOR OCTOBER.—The Monthly Miscellany of Religion and Letters, Edited by Rev. E. S. Gannett.

Contents.—Tradition, Reason, and Scripture—African Colonization—The 'Coming of Christ in his Kingdom'—The Name and Character of Christian—Barnap's Lectures on the History of Christianity—Self-Conservation—A Sermon, by Rev. Joseph Angier—Notices of Recent Publications—Intelligence, &c. &c. &c. WILLIAM CROSBY & CO., Publishers, 118 Washington street. oct 1

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'Ever our enemies themselves being judges.'—Moses.

Just received from England a few copies of the above, in one vol, 8vo—JAMES MUNROE & CO, Importers of English Books, 134 Washington st.. o1

MINIATURE CLASSICAL LIBRARY—Great pains has been bestowed in the selection of this unique Library. It will comprise the best works of our venerated authors; published in an elegant form, with a beautiful frontispiece, tastefully ornamented. The following are now ready:

Goldsmith—Essay, by Oliver Goldsmith; the Vicar of Wakefield, by Oliver Goldsmith; the History of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia, a Tale, by S. Johnson, LL. D; Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia, by Madame Cottin—the extensive popularity of this little Tale is well known; Paul and Virginia, from the French of J. B H. De St. Pierre; Pure Gold from the Rivers of Wisdom—a collection of short extracts on religious subjects from the older writers—Bishop Hall, Sherlock, Barrow, Paley, Jeremy Taylor, &c; Token of Remembrance; Token of Affection; Token of Friendship—each volume consists of appropriate Poetical extracts from the principal writers of the day.

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DR. HARRIS'S MEMORIALS OF OGLETHORPE, Biographical Memorials of James Oglethorpe, founder of the colony of Georgia, in North America, by Thaddeus Mason Harris, with a portrait of Oglethorpe, maps, &c. A few copies for sale by W. CROSBY & CO, 118 Washington st. o1

AUDUBON'S BIRDS OF AMERICA—The Birds of America, from drawings by John James Audubon—one set for sale at a reduced price by W. CROSBY & CO, 118 Washington st. o1

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MR BAKER will commence his EVENING SCHOOL, for Young Gentlemen and Lads, on the first Monday in October, 1842, at his School Rooms in Spring Lane, where he will make every exertion to promote the progress and improvement of his Scholars. 3 o1

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The official and other papers of late Major General Alexander Hamilton, compiled chiefly from the originals in the possession of Mrs Hamilton.

Lectures on Divinity, by the late George Hill, D. D., Principal of St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, edited from his manuscript, by his son, Rev. Alexander Hill, 8vo.

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THE CHRISTIAN PSALTER.

A COLLECTION of Psalms and Hymns, for social and private worship, by W. P. Lunt.

'In the present volume, while those parts of hymns have been omitted, which did not suit the purpose of the compiler, and in some few cases the stanzas of a hymn have been transposed, and, in a single instance, a stanza taken

POETRY.

(From the Albany Argus.

THE DYING BOY.

——— He was a beam
Of pleasant beauty, yet ever pensive,
Lonely and lovely as a single star!—*T. K. Hervey.*

Aye! mother weep! this hour that boy will die—
Your bright, your beautiful and only one,
The wing of death is o'er him—every sigh
Comes struggling fainter from his lips of stone;
A closing weight rests on his azure eye
Like evening's folding touch on some blue flower;
Gaze there—while yet te thine it may reply,
And thou may'st thrill beneath its lovelit power!

Thou will not deem it so! though day by day
Thou'st seen with all thy wakeful tenderness
The smile upon his face more dimly play,
His look betray more pleading languidness;
Hast seen decay with sacrilegious stealth
His vermil cheek despoiling of its bloom;
His flowing ringlets of their lustrous wealth,
And flinging there the shadow of the tomb!

Ah! 'tis no fantasy—the stricken thing
That like a wounded bird lies quivering there,
Was late thy bright eye'd boy whose spirit's wing
So much of freedom own'd and beauty rare;
Ay, part of his young self Delight so grew
That joy became a trembler in thy breast;
And his strange loveliness so rich a hue
Lent round, earth seem'd in Eden newness dress'd!

Oh! the deepest sense of rarest extacy
'Twere vain to tell, that in thy heart had birth,
When he a rosy creature—graceful, free,
Played at thy side and revelled in his mirth;
Or when midnight's deep stillness thou didst wake
To watch, while pillowed on thine arm he lay,
And the lone vigil kept for his dear sake,
And heard his low and dove-like breathings play!
Wo! for thee mother, wo!—the wildering bliss
Such moments gave thee, thine can be no more;
Like a sweet dream 'twill fade—yet oh, thou'l't miss
The spell so ravishing thy bosom's core;
Years may roll on, and thou may'st linger here
When every blossom of the heart is shed,
Yet wilt thou mourn with many a burning tear
The early lost—the beautiful—the dead!

Yet cheer thee in this hour! *his* dwelling place
Will be in bowers where Sabbath stillness reigns;
Where on the flower, dark change ne'er leaves a trace,
Nor Passion on the joy its serpent stains;
He is too pure and bright to languish where
The rainbow brightens but to melt away;
And every lovely sound and vision fair
Swell but the dirge—the trophies of Decay.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From Graham's Magazine for October.

SKETCH OF A CASE, OR A PHYSICIAN EXTRAORDINARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'A NEW HOME,' &c.

Doctor R—— sat alone in his study when a lady was announced.

'Mrs. Waldorf, sir,' and the doctor laid down his pen and received his visiter very cordially. She was the wife of a rich German merchant, and a distant cousin of his own; a handsome woman of about five and thirty, with sufficient repose of manner, but too spirited an eye to pass for a mere fashionable machine.

'I have come to you, doctor, instead of sending for you,' began the lady, 'because I do not wish Mr. Waldorf to know I have thought it necessary to consult you. He is so easily alarmed, that if he knew you had prescribed for me he would watch me so closely and insist so much upon my observance of your directions to the very letter, that I should have no peace.'

The doctor smiled, as if he thought Mr. Waldorf would not be so far wrong as his lady might suppose.'

'But what is it, my dear madam?' he said, taking Mrs. Waldorf's hand and giving a look of professional scrutiny to her face.—'You look well, though there is a slight flacidity about the eyes, and not quite so ruddy a nether lip as one might wish to see. What is it?'

'Oh! a thousand things, doctor; my health is miserable—at least I sometimes think so; I have pains in my right side—and such fluttering at my heart—and such lassitude—and such headaches—and sleep so miserably—'

'Are pour pains very severe? are they of a heavy dull kind, or sharp and darting? and how often do you experience them?'

'They are not very constant—no, not constant, certainly, not very severe—but, doctor they fill me with apprehension of evil. It is not present suffering of which I complain, so much as a fear of worse to come. I dread lest disease should make such progress, unnoticed that it will be vain to attempt a cure.' And Mrs. Waldorf's eyes filled with tears at the very thought of her troubles.

'You are wise to take it in time,' said Doctor R——. 'But tell me more of these symptoms. At what time of the day do you feel mostly indisposed?'

'Oh! I can scarcely say. When I wake in the morning, I am always very miserable.—My head is full of dead pain, especially about the eyes. My lips are parched; I find it a great exertion to dress myself, and never have the slightest appetite for breakfast.'

'Ah! indeed!' mused the doctor 'you breakfast as soon as you arise, I presume. At what hour do you retire?'

'We make it a rule to be in bed by twelve, unless we happen to be engaged out, which is but seldom. Waldorf detests parties and late hours. We spend our evenings with music or books, very quietly.'

'At what hour do you sup?'

'We have nothing like a regular supper, but for mere sociability's sake, we have a tray brought up about ten. I take nothing beyond a bit of chicken or a few oysters, or a slice of cake, and sometimes only a cracker and a glass of wine. You look as if you thought even this were better omitted; but I should scarcely know how to cut off one of my husbands few social pleasures. He would touch nothing if I did not partake with him. He thinks as ill of suppers as you do.'

'I beg your pardon—I interrupted your detail of symptons to ask these questions as to the evening. You say you have no appetite for breakfast.—how long do these feelings of languor and exhaustion continue to trouble you?'

'Oh! I generally feel better after a cup of coffee; and after practising at the harp or the piano forte for an hour or two, or sometimes three when I have new music, I generally drive out and perhaps shop a little, or at any rate take a turn into the country for the air, and usually return somewhat refreshed.'

'Do you take your airings alone?'

'Yes—perforce, almost. There are none of my intimate friends who can go with me. They drive out regularly, and take children with them, or they have other objects; and one cannot ask a mere acquaintance. So I go alone, which is not very exhilarating.'

'Your own children are not at home?'

'No—if they were, I should need no other company for the carriage. The society of young people is pleasant to me, but Adelaide is at Madame ———'s and Ernest is with a German clergyman, a friend of his father's. I fancy my rides would be of much greater service to me if I had a pleasant companion or two.'

'Undoubtedly—and I know a lady and her daughter to whom a regular morning ride with such society as that of Mrs. Waldorf would be the very breath of life! What a pity that etiquette comes in the way of so many good things! But go on I beg.

'Etiquette! say not another word, doctor—who and where are these friends or patients of yours? I should be happy if I could offer any service. I will call with you on them this very day if you like, and invite them to ride with me daily.'

'Thank you a thousand times, my dear madam,' said doctor R——, 'it is what I could not venture to ask. Yet I am not afraid you will not find my friends at least tolerably agreeable—but will you proceed with the account you were giving me of your daily habits—you dine at four, I believe?'

'That is our hour, but Mr. Waldorf is often detained until five, and I never dine without him. For my own part I should not care if dinner were stricken from the day. I lunch about one, and with tolerable appetite, and I never wish to eat again till supper time. We take tea, however, at seven and—'

'Green tea, I presume—do you take it strong?'

'Oh! not very, if I take it too strong, I do not sleep at all.'

'You sleep but indifferently well, you tell me?'

'Yes, generally; and wake many times in the night; sometimes in the horrors, so that I am full of undefinable fears and dare not open my eyes lest the objects in the room should assume terrific shapes. The very shades cast by the night-lamp have power at such times to appal me.'

The doctor's professional inquiries extended to a still greater length, but he guessed Mrs. Waldorf's complaint before he arrived at this point in the list. He had found solitude, inactivity, late hours, suppers, coffee, green tea, music and books—with not one counterbalancing item of that labor, effort, sacrifice—which has been affixed as the unchanging price of health and spirits. Mrs. Waldorf was one of the hundreds if not thousands of ladies in our land who walk through the world without ever discovering the secret of life. She had abundant wealth and a most indulgent husband, with all that this world can offer in any point of view, and she imagined that health alone was wanting to complete her happiness. Passive happiness! what a dream!

Doctor R. was at the head of his profession and he had some medicines at his command which are not known at the hospitals. He thought he could cure Mrs. Waldorf, but he hinted that he should find her but a poor patient.

'You do not wish Mr. Waldorf to know you are under my care lest he should object to your neglecting my remedies—

Oh! indeed doctor, I shall be very faithful! Try me! You cannot prescribe any thing too difficult. Shall I travel to the Pyramids barefoot, and live on bread and water all the way? I am only afraid Waldorf should insist upon my taking odious drugs—You know cautions meeting one at every turn are so tiresome!'

'Then you are willing to undertake any remedy which is not at all disagreeable, and which can be used or omitted *at discretion*.

'No, no—indeed you mistake me, I only beg that it may not be too unpleasant. I will do just as you say.'

Mrs. Waldorf now had a fine color and her eye sparkled as of old. She had every confidence in the skill of Dr. R., and the effort of recalling and recounting her symptoms had given an impetus to her thoughts, and a quicker current to her blood.

The doctor apologized. He had an appointment and his hour had come.

'But before I leave you thus unceremoniously,' he said, 'It strikes me there is a root in my garden which might be of essential service to you, to begin with at least. You know I have a little spot in which I cultivate a few rare botanical specimens. Might I venture to ask you to search for the root I speak of? It is in that little square compartment in the corner, which appears nearly vacant.'

'Oh, certainly—but had I not better call John, as yoor own man is going away with you.'

'John! Bless my soul, my dear madam, there is not a John in the world that I would trust in my sanctum! No hand but mine, and that of a gardner whom I employ occasionally under my own direction ever intrudes upon my pets. Let me entreat you, since I have not another moment to spare, to take this little trowel and search with your own hands until you discover an oblong white root like this'—opening a book of botanical plants and exhibiting something that looked very much like a Jerusalem artichoke—'Take that and have it washed and grated in a gill of port, of which try ten drops in a little water three times a day.—I will see you again very soon—but now I must run away—' and Dr. R. departed, leaving Mrs. Waldorf in a musing mood.

She cast a look at the garden, which lay just beneath the window, full of flowers; then at the trowel—a strange implement in her hand. She went down stairs and was soon digging very zealously. Her glove was split by the first effort, of course; for a fashionable fitted glove admits not the free exercise of the muscles—but all was of no avail. Every corner of the little square was disturbed, but no talisman appeared. Weary at length of her new employment, Mrs Waldorf gave up in despair, and sat down in a little arbor which offered its shade invitingly near her. Here she sank into a pleasant reverie, as one can scarcely help doing in a garden full of sweet flowers, and so pleasant was the sense of repose after labor, that she thought not of the lapse of time until she was startled by the voice of Dr. R. returned from his visit, and exceedingly surprised to find her still trowel in hand.

'Why, my dear Madam,' he exclaimed, 'you are forgetting your wish that Mr. Waldorf should not discover your visit to me! If he walks much in town he has had ample opportunity to discover his carriage at my door these two hours. You must carry on clandestine affairs better than this! Have you the medicine?'

Mrs. Waldorf laughed and related her ill success, which the doctor very much regretted, although he did not offer to assist in the search.

'You are feeling tolerably well just now, I think,' he said; 'your color is better than when you came in the morning.'

'Oh yes! much better just now! But how charming your garden is! I do not wonder that you make a pet of it. We too have a few square inches of garden, but it gives me but little pleasure, because I have never done any thing to it myself. I think I shall get a trowel of my own.'

'You delight me! You have only to cultivate and bring to perfection a single bed of carnations to become as great an enthusiast as myself. But it must be done by your own hands—'

'Yes, certainly; but now I must be gone. Tomorrow I will hold myself in readiness to call on your friends at any hour you will appoint.'

'What say you to eleven? Would that be too barbarous? The air is worth a good deal more at eleven than at one.'

'At seven if you like! Do not imagine me so very a slave to absurd fashions! I am determined you shall own me a reasonable woman yet.'

Mrs. Waldorf called from the carriage window—'You'll not forget to send the medicine, doctor?'

'Certainly not! you shall have it at seven this evening, and I trust you will take it with exact regularity.'

'Do not fear me,' she said, and the doctor made his bow of adieu. The medicine came at seven, with a sediment that looked not a little like grated potato, and without the slightest disagreeable taste. Accompanying directions, required the disuse for the present, of coffee and green tea; and recommended to Mrs. Waldorf a daily walk and a very early bed-hour.

The lady took her ten drops at nine, and felt so much better that she could not help telling her husband all about her visit to Dr. R.

The next morning proved cloudy, and Mrs. Waldorf felt rather languid, but, after her dose, found an improved appetite for breakfast. She sat down to her music, but looked frequently at the clouds and at her watch, thinking of her appointment. When the hour arrived the envious skies poured down such showers as will damp any body's ardor. The drive must be given up for that day, and it passed as usual, with only the interlude of magic drops.

The next day was as bad, and the day after not a great deal better. Mrs. Waldorf's pain and palpitations almost discouraged her. She was quite sure she had a liver complaint. But on the fourth morning the sun rose gloriously, and the face of nature, clean washed, shone with renewed beauty. At eleven the carriage and the lady were at Doctor R.'s door.

'Have you courage to see an invalid—a sad sufferer?' said the doctor.

'Oh, certainly! I am an invalid myself, you know.'

'Ah! my dear lady, my invalid wears a different aspect! Yet I hope she is going to recover, and I shall trust to your humanity if the scene prove a sad one. Sickness of the mind was, I think, the origin of the evil, but it has almost overpowered the frail body. This young lady and her mother have been giving lessons in music and in Italian, and have had but slender success in the whirl of competition. As nearly as I can discover, they came to this country hoping to find reverse of fortune easier to bear among strangers; and their course was determined hitherward, in consequence of earlier family troubles, which drove a son of Madame Vamiglia to America. He was a liberal, and both displeased his father and put himself in danger from government, by some unsuccessful attempt at home. The father is since dead, and the old lady and her daughter, left in poverty and loneliness, determined on following the young man to the new world. But here we are.'

And they stopped before a small house in a back street. Mrs Waldorf was shown into a very humble parlor, while the doctor went to prepare his patient. He returned presently with Madame Vamiglia, a well dressed woman past middle age. She expressed her grateful sense of Mrs Waldorf's kindness, but their communication was rather pantomimical, for the lady found her strong-Italian of little service, and the signora had not much conversational English. However, with some French, and occasional aid from Dr R——, their acquaintance was somewhat ripened before they went to the bedside of the sufferer. Mrs Waldorf turned pale, and felt ready to faint, at the sight which presented itself.

There was a low narrow couch in the centre of the room, scarce larger than an infant's crib, and on it lay what seemed a mere remnant of mortality. Large dark eyes, full of a sort of preternatural light, spoke alone of life and motion. The figure had been always extremely small, and was now wasted, till it scarce lifted the light covering of the mattrass. Madame Vamiglia went forward and spoke in a low tone to her daughter, and Mrs Waldorf was glad to sink into the chair, set for her by Doctor R——. The ghastly appearance of the young girl had quite unwomaned her.

The mother introduced her guest to her daughter, who could only look an acknowledgement; and then asked the doctor if he thought it possible that Ippolita could bear the motion of a carriage.

'She seems weaker to day,' he replied, very weak indeed. Yet, if Mrs. Waldorf will allow the mattrass to be put in, I think we may venture.'

Madame Vamiglia seemed full of anxiety lest the experiment should prove too much for the flickering remnant of life; but after much preparation John was called, and the poor sufferer transferred, mattrass and all to the back seat. Mrs. Waldorf and her mother took the front, and in this way they drove slowly towards the country.

At first the poor little signora seemed exhausted almost unto death, and her mother watched her with the most agonized solicitude but after a while she became accustomed to the gentle motion, and seemed revived by the fresh air. As the road wound through a green lane shaded with old trees, Ippolita looked about her with animation, and made a sign of pleasure with her wasted hand.—Tears started to her mother's eyes, and she looked to Mrs. Waldorf for sympathy and not in vain.

At length the invalid murmured, 'Assia!' and they turned about. When they reached the lodging house, Ippolita was in a quiet sleep, and they carried her back to her own room almost undisturbed.

'To-morrow at eleven!' whispered Mrs. Waldorf, at parting. Madame Vamiglia pressed her hand, but, could not speak.

We need not describe the morning rides which succeeded this auspicious commencement. We need not trace, step by step, the slow amendment of the Italian, nor attempt to express, by words the gratitude of both mother and daughter. *They* felt words to be totally inadequate. We may mention, however, the rapid improvement of Mrs. Waldorf's health and spirits, which must of course be ascribed to that excellent medicine of Dr. R——'s. This enabled that lady to study Italian most strenuously, both at home, and by familiar lessons from Madam Vamiglia and her daughter, during their prolonged excursions. This pursuit was never found to increase the palpitations, and seemed also a specific against headache.

Before Ippolita had so far recovered as to be independent of the daily airing, Mrs. Waldorf picked up a new object of interest. We say picked up, for it was a road-side acquaintance, and, as Mrs. Waldorf has since observed, one which she never would have made if she had been reading during her ride as was her custom formerly. She had every morning for some time, observed a poor woman drawing a basket wagon of curious construction, in which lay a child much larger than is usually found in such vehicles. The child was pretty, and tastefully, though plainly dressed; but the whole establishment bespoke any thing but abundant means, so that Mrs. Waldorf was puzzled to make out the character of the group. The woman had not the air of a servant, and yet the child did not look as if it could be her child. In short, after seeing the same thing a dozen times, Mrs. Waldorf's curiosity was a good deal excited.

She did not, however, venture to make any inquiries until it so chanced that, in the very green lane we have spoken of—the favorite resort of the grateful Ippolita—they found the poor woman with the child fainting in her arms. Grief and anxiety were painted on her honest face, and she was so absorbed in her efforts for the recovery of the child that she scarcely answered Mrs. Waldorf's sympathising enquiries.

'Oh don't trouble yourself, ma'am! It is nothing new! She's this way very often,—It's the hoopin' cough, ma'am; and I'm afeard it'll be the death of her, poor lamb! in spite of all we can do!' And she tossed the child in the air, and fanned its face till the breath returned.

'Is it your own?' asked Mrs Waldorf.

'No indeed, ma'am, mine are other guess lookin' children, thank God! This dear baby's mother is a delicate young lady that lives neighbor to me, as has a sick husband that she can't leave. I'm a washerwoman, ma'am, if you please, and I have to go quite away down town every day almost, and so I take this poor thing in my basket—it's large enough you see—and so gives her a turn in the open air, 'cause the doctor says it's the open air, if any thing, that'il do her good.'

'You are very good,' said Mrs. Waldorf, who had listened in a kind of reverie, her thoughts reverting to her lonely rides.

'Oh no, ma'am! its far from good I am! The Lord knows that! But a little bit of neighborly kindness like that, is what the *poor often does* for one another, *and don't think any thing of it neither!* To be sure this babe's mother isn't the likes of me, ma'am, but she's far worse off than she has been. Her husband is what they call an accountant— a kind of clerk, like; and he can't get no employ, and I think it's breaking his heart pretty fast.'

Here Mrs Waldorf fairly burst into tears.

'Tell me where you live,' she said, 'and say nothing to this lady you speak of, but come to me to-morrow, will you?' and she put a card into the poor woman's hand.

'Surely I will, ma'am,' said the washerwoman, 'and it's a kind heart you have!'

Mrs Waldorf rode home with her heart and head full. 'How could I ever content myself with giving *money*,' she said to herself, 'when there is so much to be *done!*'

'How do you find yourself, this morning, my dear madam?' said the Doctor——, shortly after this.

'Oh, quite well, thank you?'

'What! no more lassitude! no more headaches.'

'Nothing of the sort, I assure you! I never felt better.'

'When did your symptoms abate?'

'I can scarcely tell; I have been too much occupied of late, to think of symptoms. I am so much interested in the study of Italian that I am going to ask Madame Vamiglia and her daughter to come to us for awhile, and we shall have Adelaide at home to take advantage of so good an opportunity for learning to converse.'

'And your ardor in searching out the distressed has been the means of restoring the son to the mother? How happy you must be!'

'That is a happiness which I owe to you! and Mr. Waldorf is going to employ Mr. Vamiglia, who understands and writes half a dozen different languages, and will be invaluable to him. But first the family are to go to the sea shore for a month to recruit; and I imagine they will need a good deal of preparation— so that I have really no time to be ill.'

'Then you have given up the going to Pyramids?'

'Ah! my dear sir! I must thank you for showing me better sources of interest and excitement. I believe it must have been a little *ruse* on your part—say! was not that famous medicine of yours only a trick— an *inganno felice?*'

'A trick! Oh! excuse me!' 'Call it by some better name!' 'I beseech you,' said the doctor laughing' 'it was a most valuable medicine! Indeed the whole Materia Medica would be often powerless without the *placebo!* But I confess I could not think of sending you to the Pyramids, when there are not only pyramids but mountains of sorrow and suffering at home, which shun the eye of common charity, but which must be surmounted by just such heads, hearts and purses as those of Mrs Waldorf!

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JENKS & PALMER have just published the thirty fourth edition of 'a collection of psalms and hymns for Christian Worship,' by Rev. F. W. P. Greenwood.

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The book was enlarged upon publication of the sixteenth edition by the addition of about sixty Hymns. No farther alterations or additions are contemplated. Societies and Clergymen are respectfully requested to examine this collection, and those wishing copies for that purpose will be supplied gratis, by applying to the Publishers, Boston, 131 Washington Street (up stairs.) Sept.

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